# CURRENT ANECDOTES

AND METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

**By Contributors and the Editor.**

NOTE:—The first thirteen illustrations were submitted in response to the request made in the April issue of Current Anecdotes. Of those received up to April 10th, the best submitted was that of M. J. Winchester, with others following in order of their excellence. Illustrations arriving later will be judged in the competition for the June issue.

While only one prize was promised, some compensation has been made for each one used. We regret that a number submitted were useless, it being evident that the competitors did not read the instructions.

### BREATHE OR DIE. (386)

John 10: 10; John 5: 40; Luke 13: 34.

One summer day, shortly before the train was to leave the station in S., a man toiled painfully up the steps of the car and dropped into a seat near the door. His gaunt frame, and hollow cheeks suffused with the hectic flush, pallid forehead, on which the perspiration stood in beads, and gasping breath, told only too plainly the story. He was in the last stages of consumption. Accompanying him was his wife, her anxiety evident in every feature and action. As she busied herself in little ministries of love, brought a glass of water, bathed his brow and smoothed his hair, she furtively wiped away a tear. The man leaned his head upon the back of the seat in front and struggled for breath in gasps that shook his body and were audible to those near. A dozen passengers seemed to say by their sympathetic glances, "We would gladly help." There was nothing they could do. The car was full of air, his wife at his side; sympathetic men and women around him—but the man must breathe for himself or die.

Men live in the atmosphere of grace. Christian friends are anxious and prayerful. The Great Physician freely offers the waters of life. The one thing the sinner must do or perish forever, is to reach forth the hand and take; or, simpler yet, breathe it in. (See the words respiration and inspiration in dictionary).—M. J. Winchester.

### DIED FOR HIM. (387)

Rom. 5: 8; 1 John 4: 19.

A man and wife lived happily together for fifteen years except when the husband would get on a spree (which was once or twice a year). They had a lovely home; the wife was a good Christian. When on a spree the husband would not go home. Once the wife went to the postoffice about dusk when the evening mail was being distributed, hoping to find her husband. He was leaning against the counter. She said: "Dear, won't you go home with me; I am lonely without you." He said: "No, I am not ready. You go back and I will come by and by." "Won't you come now," she said. He became angry and said, roughly, "You go on and I'll come when I get ready." She knelt down and prayed as only a broken-hearted woman can pray. She then kissed his hand and went home. It was a little more than she could endure. She wrote a sweet little note and put it into her bosom, and then took a fatal dose of poison. Her neighbors found her dead next morning. The husband was sent for. He found the note, which read like this: "Dear Husband—I have lived with you fifteen years trying to make you a man. I have failed. Now I die for you." Eighteen years have gone by, and the husband has never drank a drop of intoxicant. He is a monument of the saving power of a suffering wife. Should not Christ's suffering cause us to quit sinning.—H. A. Northcutt.

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### THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. (388)

Prov. 1: 10; Prov. 14: 12; Matt. 7: 15.

"It is said that when the Chinese fowler sees a number of ducks settled on a patch of water and wants to catch them, he sends off two or three hollow gourds to float among them. At first the birds are shy, but finding

that no harm comes to them from the gourds, they soon swim about them without fear. When the fowler sees this familiarity, he places a gourd shell with holes to see and breathe through over his head, and wades slowly into the water up to his shoulders, looking like one of his own gourds. By stealthy steps he gets in among the ducks. As soon as he is near enough he seizes a fowl by the legs, draws it under the water, fastens it to his girdle, and then proceeds to grasp another, until his girdle is full, when he wades slowly out of the water chuckling at his skill in deceiving the silly ducks with his gourd shells. While this illustration may seem plain enough, yet it is not overdrawn in the case of many young men and young women of today. They are being enticed by outward appearances which seem perfectly harmless, but which will finally lead them to destruction and ruin."—F. S. Fancher.

## INFLUENCE OF CRIPPLED CHRISTIANS. (389)

Luke 6: 42; John 8: 12 and 14: 6.

Coming down the main walk from the capitol at Washington towards Pennsylvania avenue, there is a group of steps very confusing to the average pedestrian. In watching the crowds a man discovered that people were continually stumbling on this group of steps, while they did not do so on others. The attention of the Capitol architect was called to the matter, but he was incredulous until he had satisfied himself by personal observation. He was amazed to see how many people stumbled in going up those steps.

The attention of Frederic Olmstead, who designed the steps, was called to the matter. He was likewise astonished to see how people behaved when they reached these particular steps. He said: "I cannot account for it, for I spent weeks in arranging those steps. I had wooden models of them put down at my own place, and I walked over them day after day until I felt sure they were perfect. "Isn't one of your legs shorter than the other, Mr. Olmstead," inquired some one. He was dumbfounded when it flashed over him that owing to the inequality of his own limbs he had made steps for the Capitol unsuited for any except people who had the same defect.

In building roads and making steps for other people to travel over plans and specifications drawn to suit our own crotchets and infirmities will not save our fellow men. "I am the way," said One who has never caused a man to stumble.—Mrs. Goodnight.

## WITNESSING FOR CHRIST. (390)

I John 1: 2; John 9: 35.

I was waiting for a train at a small station in southern Illinois. As there was yet some time before the train should arrive, I entered into conversation with a man who seemed to be sorely afflicted. His body was bent and deformed and his face showed signs of much past suffering. In answer to a question, he told the following story: "When I was a young man," he began, "I went into a Western town to seek my fortune. There by accident I was struck by some falling timbers and my spine was injured. I was removed to the hospital, where I suffered intense agony for a month. I was brought back to my home a cripple. For twenty years I was not able to help myself in any way. Kind friends would take me out occasionally in a wheel chair, otherwise I must stay in the house. About two years ago a new doctor came to our town. I was sitting in my chair one day with the door open to the street. The new doctor saw me and came in. He said he could cure me if I would let him. I told him that it was no use; I had spent all my money trying to get relief. 'I don't want your money,' he said, 'I only want to help you.' "Well, sir," said the old man, "you can see what he did for me. In three weeks I could walk, and soon I could work, and now," he continued, trying to straighten himself, "I feel like a young man." "And where is your doctor?" I inquired. "Ah, sir," he replied, "the people turned against him. He had to leave town, and all manner of things are said about him, but," he added, "no matter if everybody else turns against him, I know what he did for me, and I shall always have a good word to say about him." Can you not say a good word for Christ? He has saved you from worse than death, and now says, "You are my witness."—A. A. Benfield.

## GRASPING AT A STRAW. (391)

Mark 8: 34-37. John 14: 6.

A pastor writes: "Some time ago, standing at a railway station, my attention was attracted by a number of persons passing in and out of a tool house. There, awaiting identification, I saw the body of a man found early that morning at the foot of a steep embankment not far from the station. In one hand was grasped a straw. The man evidently had grasped it while falling, in his natural endeavor to get hold of something by which to save himself.

"It was only a straw, and no help. There he lay dead, with a straw in his hand.

"I have frequently been reminded of this incident as I have met persons who were clinging to some false hope. I have found men holding on for their eternal salvation to the negative guess of Universalism, their own goodness, their morality, or their superiority to professing Christians. These are straws, mere straws!" When we come to the abyss of death, there is but one plank that will hold; the Lord Jesus Christ!—"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."—S. S. Illustrator.

## THE MASTER SCULPTOR. (392)

Jer. 18: 6; I Cor. 15: 10; I Thess. 5: 23.

In Florence, one of the treasures of art admired by thousands of visitors is Michael Angelo's representation in marble of the young David. The shepherd boy stands with firm foothold, the stone grasped tightly in his right hand, ready to be sped on its holy errand. When the statue was unveiled, 350 years ago, it caused an unparalleled sensation among all lovers of art. The work is, indeed, a marvelous piece of sculpture.

But the strangely winning thing in the story of that statue is that it was the stone's second chance. A sculptor began work on a noble piece of marble, but, lacking skill, he only hacked and marred the block. It was then abandoned as spoiled and worthless, and cast aside. For years it lay in a back yard, soiled and blackened, half-hidden among the rubbish. At last Angelo saw it and at once perceived its possibilities. Under his skillful hand the stone was cut into the fair and marvelous beauty which appears in the statue of David. In a like manner, when a life has been spoiled by unscrupulous hands, so that it seems as if all were lost, there is One, the Great Sculptor, who can take the marred, disfigured block, now lying soiled amid the world's rubbish, and from it carve yet a marvel of beauty.

## "IN THE BEGINNING GOD." (393)

Gen. 1: 1; Ps. 19: 1; Is. 40: 26.

"We may be able to judge who was the better reasoner, Kepler, the astronomer, or his wife in their discussion of the salad at their supper table. 'Yesterday,' the astronomer relates, 'when weary with writing, and my mind quite dusty with considering the atoms, I was called to supper, and a salad I had asked for was set before me. It seems then, I said, that if pewter dishes, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of vinegar and oil, and slices of eggs, had been floating about in the air from all eternity, it might at last happen by chance that there would come a salad.' 'Yes,' said my wife, 'but not so nice and well dressed as this of mine is.' If it requires intelligence to make so nice a salad, perhaps we may find good reason to suspect that mind may have had considerable part to play in the evolution of such a world as ours."—From Through Science to Faith, by Newman Smythe.

## GRIEVING THE SPIRIT. (394)

Is. 63: 10; Gal. 6: 7, 8; Eph. 4: 30.

In 1893 I served a Home Mission field near one of the largest cities in Texas.

During that year the awful incident below occurred. These western cities are dependent upon the "wood wagon" for their wood supplies, for the most part. These seek out the creeks and rivers webbing through these vast prairies and, with their laden wagons, gather in groups upon some vacant spot, where, lingering near, the woodman awaits a buyer. On a cool rainy day a man, the husband of a member of one of my congregations, spent the day watching for a buyer.

None came. He, despondently, in company with a neighbor, mounted the wagon, drove out of town. As they crossed the city limits he turned to his neighbor and, holding his hat aloft as for solemn oath, he said: "I call on you to witness. If ever I haul another load of wood to D. I hope God will paralyze me that I may never walk!" Home being reached, the weather soon cleared; the roads dried and he returned to the city with a load of wood. When he reached the "market place" he made an attempt to alight from his wagon, when, to his consternation, he discovered that from his hip down was totally paralyzed. His general health, which was robust, was otherwise good and I and many others saw him going about his camp home upon his hands, his feet dragging, as if lifeless, behind.

How thankful we should be when we remember how many times we have grieved the Spirit, that He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Ps. 103: 10.—J. L. Sullivan.

## SAVING FAITH. (395)

Jno. 3: 36 and 5: 40.

A young man took sick very suddenly. The family physician pronounced the trouble appendicitis, then telephoned to N— for the well-known surgeon of that town. By noon he arrived and said to the father, "Yes, he has appendicitis. If operated upon in time he will live." The father answered, "Ask my son if he is willing to submit to an operation; if he is willing, proceed; if not then do not operate."

The young man was told his true condition, that an operation was the only safe and sure remedy. He said, "You may operate."

He took an anesthetic, was operated upon and got well.

Here we find the essential elements of saving faith.

Two physicians said, "You have appendicitis." Here is not only knowledge, but knowledge that convinces. But this is not enough. He must obey. After he knew his condition, after he was convinced that an operation was the only sure remedy, he might have refused to submit. He might have refused to obey when the surgeon said, "Now take chloroform and let us operate." But he obeyed, he put himself entirely under the control of the surgeon, who might as easily have taken out his heart.

Comparatively speaking, everybody in America has the first two elements of saving faith, knowledge and assent. After that they must obey. They won't do what they know.

Begin to obey, keep on obeying, and God will do the saving.—Elmer H. Combs.

## "CHARACTER COMMANDS CONFIDENCE." (396

Prov. 10: 9; Ps. 15: 2-5.

"During the Revolutionary War Richard Jackson was accused of an intention to join the British army, and admitted the truth of the charge. He was committed to the rude county jail, from which he could easily have escaped; but he considered himself held by due process of law, and his sense of duty forbade flight under such circumstances.

He asked leave of the sheriff to go out and work by day, promising to return each night. Consent was given readily, as his character for simple honesty was well known, and for eight months he went out each morning and returned each evening. At length the sheriff prepared to take him to Springfield, to be tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be needless trouble and expense, for he could go just as well alone. Again his word was taken and he set off alone. On

the way he was overtaken by Mr. Edwards of the council of Massachusetts, who asked whither he was going. "To Springfield, sir," was the reply, "to be tried for my life."

The proof was complete, and Jackson was condemned to death. When the president of the council asked if a pardon should be granted, member after member opposed, until Mr. Edwards told the story of his meeting with Jackson in the woods. By common consent a pardon was at once made out. The child-like simplicity and integrity of the man had saved his life."—Pushing to the Front, by Orison S. Marden, page 252.

## LACKED ONE THING. (397)

Luke 18: 22.

The Student Volunteer Band of the Moody Bible Institute met at a nearby photographer's to have their pictures taken in a group. The photographer selected the tallest of the band and placed them with their backs to the wall just across the room, but immediately opposite the camera. The next in height he placed just in front and thus he continued until a perfect group was formed. He then spent considerable time in changing shades, turning faces, etc. In fact he spent so much time trying to form a perfect group that some of us were about ready to give up. Finally, however, he announced that "all was ready." One, two, three, "all right gentlemen, I will have the proofs ready tomorrow." Early in the afternoon of the same day we were informed that the photographer failed to get a picture—all of his work, grouping, sighting, shading, etc., was for nothing, owing to the fact that he had neglected "one thing." He had neglected to place a film in the camera.

The rich young ruler had neglected the film of regeneration.—J. T. Moody.

## FORGIVE AS WE FORGIVE. (398)

Matthew 6: 12, 15; 18: 21; Luke 17: 3; Eph. 4: 32.

A blind beggar has been deeply wronged. He is dying. Someone asks him, "Is there absolutely no word of pardon which you wish to send to those who have injured you?" "None!" he fiercely whispered. When told that he was eating his enemies' bread he slowly and painfully struggled to a sitting posture, lifted his right hand above his head and said: "Curse him! Send him to me. Where is he?" "I am here," said David, quietly entering the door. "For the love of God forgive me." As he heard the familiar voice, the beggar trembled. With both his great bony hands he clutched at the throat of his night robe, tore it open and reaching down into his bosom, felt for some concealed object. He found it at last, grasped it and drew it forth. It was a shining blade of steel. Slowly and painfully the dying man crawled from the bed. He reeled, caught himself, reeled once more, and lunged forward in the direction from which he had heard his enemy's voice. He raised his knife and struck at random. The futility of his efforts crazed him. "Where are you? Give me a sign," he cried. "I am here." With one supreme and final effort, the dying man lurched forward. His hand, brandishing the dagger, was uplifted and seemed about to descend on his foe; but at that very instant, with a frightful imprecation upon his lips, the gigantic form collapsed, the knife dropped from his hand, and he plunged, a corpse, into the arms of his intended victim." Awful! yet, anyone who has an enemy has the same feeling in a degree. (The incident is from "The Redemption of David Corson.")

## THEY KNEW HOW HE LIVED. (399)

Matt. 5: 16; Acts 20: 18.

A surgeon in one of the military hospitals at Alexandria, wrote in a private note: "Our wounded men bear their sufferings nobly; I have hardly heard a word of complaint from one of them. A soldier from Maine—a victim of the slaughter at Fredericksburg—lay in this hospital, his life ebbing away from a fatal wound. He had a father, brothers, sisters, a wife, a little boy of two or three years of age, on whom his heart seemed set. Half an hour before he ceased to breathe I stood by his side, holding his hand. He was in the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and was aware that he had but a very brief time to live. He was asked if he had any message to leave for his dear ones at home, whom he loved so well. 'Tell them,' said he, 'how I died—they know how I lived!' "—Modern Eloquence.

## STAMMERING CHRISTIANS. (400)

Luke 8: 39; John 9: 25; Acts 4: 14.

The value of Christian testimony is determined largely by the quality of the man who testifies as the following experience well illustrates. Mr. Gregory tells us that, going not long ago from Liverpool to London, he sat by an old gentleman who would not talk, but only answered his questions by nods and shakes of the head. He determined to make him speak if possible; so he proceeded as follows: "You're going to London, I suppose?" A nod. "I shall be happy to meet you there; where are your quarters?"

There was no repelling this, so his friend with the energy of despair, broke out, "I-I-I-I-I-I'm g-g-g-going to D-D-D-Doctor Br-Br-Brewster's to be c-c-c-cured of this sl-sl-slight im-impediment in my sp-sp-sp-speech." At this instant a little white face, which had not appeared before, popped out from one of the berths and struck in "Th-th-th-that's the m-m-m-man wh-wh-who c-c-c-c-cured me."

Oh the stammering lives of Christians! how they misrepresent the power of the Great Physician and how many refuse Him because of them.—H. K. Hilberry.

## TESTIMONY OF ENEMIES AND FRIENDS. (401)

Matt. 22: 42.

"Pharisees, with what have ye to reproach Jesus?"

"He eateth with publicans and sinners."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"And you, Caiaphas, what say you of him?"

"He is guilty; he is a blasphemer because he said 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of

Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven."

"Pilate, what is your opinion?"

"I find no fault in this man."

"And you, Judas, who have sold your master for silver—have you some fearful charge to hurl against him?"

"I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

"And you, centurion and soldiers, who led him to the cross, what have you to say against him?"

"Truly this was the Son of God."

"And you, demons?"

"He is the Son of God."

"John Baptist, what think you of Christ?"

"Behold the lamb of God."

"And you, John, the Apostle?"

"He is the bright and morning star."

"Peter, what say you of your master?"

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

"And you, Thomas?"

"My Lord and my God."

"Paul, you have persecuted him; what testify you of him?"

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, Jesus, my Lord."

"Angels of heaven, what think ye of Jesus?"

"Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And thou, Father in Heaven, who knowest all things?"

"This, is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Reader, what think you of Christ?

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## CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE. (402)

Acts 1:8 and 4:20.

One Sunday while crossing a frozen creek, I noticed a leaf fluttering in a hole through the ice, the exact size of the leaf. It was held by the end of the stem. Here was a mystery, more entrancing than a story by Sherlock Holmes, and it was out in the fresh air, in God's out-of-doors. A philosopher said recently, to be on the safe side, choose out-of-doors recreation. The ice was solid all around. Did the flowing water keep the leaf moving so that ice could not freeze above or below it? When nature has a mystery look around for something like it, the same as you would compare texts. Ah, here is another leaf, not quite through the ice. It is a beech leaf with serrated edges, and it is embedded a good half inch in the ice, with the rough edges showing in the hole, same as a cooky-cutter shows in the dough. Then this is the explanation. The sun shining on the ice is reflected and the rays and the heat that comes from it is scattered, but when the rays fall on the little leaf that fell on the ice the leaf absorbed them and transmitted the heat to the ice and melted it.

Some congregations are all ice, no leaves, and they would scatter the rays and power of the best preaching, and again, some Christians are like the little leaf—they do not scatter God's sunshine, but pass it on, and they melt their way through the iciest heart, their upright life is impressed on the world with the same fidelity to detail that the serrated leaf gave to the ice.

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## "WHY?" "HOW?" "WHEN?" (404)

John 21:21, 22.

We quote briefly from Henry Van Dyke's rich poem in McClure's Magazine for April:

At a certain hour, before the throne,
The youngest angel, Asmiel, stood alone.
"Lord, in the city Lupon I have found
Three servants of thy holy name, renowned
Above their fellows.
But, Lord, I fain would know, which loves
Thee best?"

Then spake the Lord of Angels, to whose look
The hearts of all are like an open book.
Thou shalt go to Lupon, to the three
Who serve me there, and take this word from me:
Tell each of them his Master bids him go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow;
There he shall find a certain task for me,
But what, I do not tell to them nor thee.

First to the temple door he made his way.
Through aisles that hushed behind him, Bernol came.
One moment at the pulpit steps he knelt
In silent prayer, and on his shoulder felt
The angel's hand:—"The Master bids thee go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
To serve Him there." Then Bernol's hidden face
Went white as death, and for about the space
Of ten slow heart-beats there was no reply;
Till Bernol looked around and whispered, "WHY?"

Within the humble house where Malvin spent
His studious years, on holy things intent,
Sweet stillness reigned; and there the angel found
The saintly sage immersed in thought profound.
"The One of whom thou thinkest bids thee go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
To serve Him there." With sorrow and surprise
Malvin looked up, reluctance in his eyes.
The broken thought, the strangeness of the call,
The perilous passage of the mountain-wall,
The solitary journey, and the length
Of ways unknown, too great for his frail strength,
Appalled him. With a doubtful brow
He scanned the doubtful task, and muttered "HOW?"

Now as he went, with fading hope, to seek
The third and last to whom God bade him speak,
Scarce twenty steps away whom should he meet
But Fermor, hurrying cheerful down the street,
With ready heart that faced his work like play,
And joyed to find it greater every day!
The angel stopped him with uplifted hand,
And gave without delay his Lord's command:
"He whom thou servest here would have thee go

Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
To serve Him there." Ere Asmiel breathed again
The eager answer leaped to meet him, "WHEN?"

The angel's face with inward joy grew bright.
I have found the man who loves Him best.
Not thine, nor mine, to question or reply
When He commands us, asking "how?" or "why?"
He knows the cause; His ways are wise and just;
Who serves the King must serve with perfect trust.

## A GREAT CORONATION. (405)

Matt. 26: 29; Rev. 5: 9-14.

In view of the approaching coronation it is interesting to note that King Edward owes his crown to a horse. He belongs to the house of Hanover. In 1701 parliament elected the Hanoverian house to the British throne by one vote. The winning vote was cast by Sir Arthur Owen, who rode from Wales, wearing out an immense amount of horse flesh and arriving just in time to enter the "aye" lobby.

Five hundred years ago Frederick Hohenzollern was burgrave of a small German city. He loaned Emperor Sigismund about $50,000, and took a mortgage on the state of Brandenburg. The debt was not paid, and the mortgage was foreclosed, Frederick Hohenzollern establishing himself as Frederick I, of Brandenburg. With increased power came more territory, and in 1701 the title of king was proclaimed by the house of Hohenzollern, from which sprung the present kaiser.

Alexander of Servia can go back 300 years and find his ancestor caring for pigs.

Queen Mary II and Queen Anne were the granddaughters of a domestic, tracing their ancestry back to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, who married a housemaid.

For a real king, whose blue blood runs back into the ages, the only man who answers all requirements is the present ruler of Japan. He is the 122d in unbroken descent of his line, his family having sat on the throne since 666 B. C., the time of Nebuchadnezzar.

The King of Kings will have a coronation some day at which all those who serve to strengthen his kingdom in the earth will be invited guests.

## PHONOGRAPH TESTIMONY. (406)

Ps. 103.

During February the South Sea islanders gather on the coast in large numbers and vessels go there to recruit laborers for Australia. The captain of one of the recruiting vessels adopted a novel method of getting natives to enter into contracts with him. He secured a phonograph, and before leaving Queensland had a native, already engaged on a plantation, talk into it, telling of the good time he was having. This was taken to the native villages and turned loose. The natives flocked to that recruiting ship. If Christians who are really having a good time would phonograph it around, it would attract others.

## JUDGE NOT. (407)

Matt. 7: 1.

Prof. L. T. Townsend recalls a story showing where Daniel Webster's money sometimes went. After considerable provocation he wrote to the editor of a newspaper who referred to Mr. Webster's private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts, saying: "It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is that I have not pressed those who owe me for payment. As an instance of this, I enclose your father's note, made to me thirty years ago, for money lent him to educate his boys."

## CHRISTIAN'S BOOK. (408)

Is. 1: 18; 1 John 3: 2.

C. H. Spurgeon said once: I have heard of a certain divine that he used to carry with him a little book. This tiny volume had only three leaves in it; and, truth to tell, it contained not a single word. The first was a leaf of black paper, black as jet; the next leaf was a leaf of red—scarlet; and the last was a leaf of white, without a single spot. Day by day he would look upon this singular book, and at last he told the secret of what it meant. He said: "Here is the black leaf—that is my sin and the wrath of God which my sin deserves. I look and look, and think it is not half black enough to represent my guilt, though it is as black as black can be. The red leaf reminds me of the atoning sacrifice and the precious blood; and I delight to look at it, and weep, and look again. The white leaf represents my soul as it is washed in Jesus' blood and made white as snow."

## A DRUNKARD'S WILL. (409

Matt. 7: 27.

Not long ago, in a New York hotel, a young man addicted to strong drink took his life, and left the following paper, headed: "My last will and testament."

"I leave to society a ruined character.

"I leave to my father and mother as much misery as, in their feeble state, they can bear.

"I leave to my brothers and sister the memory of my misspent life.

"I leave to my wife a broken heart, and to my children the memory that their father fills a drunkard's grave and has gone to a drunkard's hell."

And yet, in the face of all this, men will tamper and trifle with the accursed stuff.

"Touch not, taste, not, handle not."—this is the only safe rule.

## MURDER FOR GOLD. (410)

1 Tim. 6: 10; James 1: 15.

That greed for gain is so voracious that it will not stop at murder, is shown by an article in the Denver Post (March 4). It relates that Tom Horne, an ex-government scout, and who for years has been in the employ of the large cattle companies of Colorado and Wyoming, now lies in the Cheyenne (Wyo.) jail charged with murdering a twelve-year-old son of Kels P. Nickells, living sixty-five miles northwest of Cheyenne. The father was also

shot and wounded. Horne has confessed that he was employed to kill a number of homesteaders, for which he was to receive so much per head—something like $2,000. He had nearly completed his job when arrested. The parties who employed Horne to commit these awful crimes were among the most prominent and wealthy men of the country, and they are spending large sums of money and making every effort to clear Horne. It appears that the cattle companies want all the range, to make more profit. The Appeal to Reason says that it shows what brutes profit will make of men.

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### BELIEVING A LIE. (411)

Jer. 28: 15 and 29: 31.

An illustration of 2 Thess. 2: 11 is found in a Cleveland police court incident. A man who was a few years ago a prosperous coal dealer and had business dealings with the judge, appeared before him for drunkenness. He said:

"A fortune-teller brought all the trouble to my home. She bought coal from me, and my wife went to collect the bill. 'A blond woman, the wife of a neighbor, shares your husband's affection with you,' the fortune-teller told her. Nothing I could say could restore my wife's confidence in me, though God knows there was no truth in the accusations.

"But I couldn't stand the ceaseless quarreling that followed. Three years ago, I deeded all my property to her and ran away. Since then I have wandered all over the country. Lately, I drifted back, for I felt I must see my children. I'm only a drunkard now, and the fortune-teller is to blame."

The punishment of believing a lie falls on all those who turn away from God's truth.

### EARTHLY POWER. (412)

Dan. 4: 30, 31; John 2: 17.

Cecil Rhodes was the son of an Anglican church clergyman, and was not quite 50 years old at his death. He is an example of what may be accomplished by a young man handicapped with poor health, for it was in search of health that he first went to Natal. Although acquiring large wealth he seemed to care little for it, and his ideal was a great empire in South Africa, and in the distance the federation of Anglo-Saxon races. His connection with the Jameson raid shows how men becoming impatient use wrong methods to acquire what is sometimes right. Kruger's comment on his death will live in history: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, etc."

Here are two of Kipling's verses on his death and his burial place:

Dreamer devout, by vision led beyond our
guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred cities in place
of speech;
So huge the all-mastering tho't that drove; so
brief the term allowed.
Nations, not words, he linked to prove his
faith before the crowd.

* * * *

There till the vision he foresaw splendid and
whole arise,
And unimagined empires draw to council
'neath the skies,
The immense and brooding spirit still shall
quicken and control;
Living, he was the land, and dead, his soul
shall be her soul.

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## MEMORIAL DAY ILLUSTRATIONS.

Quoted by C. H. B. from "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill. Easily the best novel of the war. Published by The MacMillan Co., New York.

Introduction: As the day draws near when we honor the dead—the blue and the gray alike—Winston Churchill's "The Crisis," comes to one's thoughts. "Abraham Lincoln loved the South as well as the North," says Mr. Churchill, and a critic justly remarks that the book makes one feel this. Stephen Brice and Virginia Carvel are the characters around whom the romance revolves, but Lincoln is the real hero. Though a story of war its most thrilling scene is the Lincoln-Douglass debate at Freeport. En route to the town his supporters are urging Lincoln to omit the second of four questions he will ask his opponent; whether "a territory can exclude slavery prior to the formation of a state constitution."

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### CHOSE RIGHTEOUSNESS INSTEAD OF POPULARITY. (413)

James 4: 4; Jno. 3: 1.

"Mr. Lincoln did not appear to hear them. His eyes were far away over the wet prairie." Stephen held his breath. "But neither he, nor Medill, nor Judd, nor Hill guessed at the pregnancy of that moment. How were they to know that the fate of the United States of America was concealed in that question—was to be decided on a rough wooden platform that day in the town of Freeport, Illinois.

But Abraham Lincoln, the uncouth man in the linen duster with a tousled hair, knew it. And the stone that was rejected of the builders was to become the cornerstone of the temple." At the debate—"Shame surged in Stephen's face that he should have misjudged him (Lincoln). He had come to patronize. He had remained to worship. And in after years, when he thought of this new vital force which became part of him that day, it was in the terms of Emerson." "Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

How many have conversed with Lincoln before and since, and knew him not!"

## THE SORROWFUL CONQUERER. (414)

Luke 19: 41.

On the day that Richmond fell—"With the little guard of ten sailors he (Lincoln) marched the mile and a half to the presidential mansion of the Confederacy. You can imagine our anxiety. I shall remember him always as I saw him that day, a tall, black figure of sorrow, with the high silk hat we have learned to love. Unafraid, his heart rent with pity, he walked unharmed amid such tumult as I have rarely seen. The windows filled, the streets ahead of us became choked, as the word that the president was coming ran on like quick-fire. The mob shouted and pushed. Drunken men reeled against him. The negroes wept aloud and cried hosannas. They pressed upon him that they might touch the hem of his coat, and one threw himself on his knees and kissed the President's feet.

Still he walked on unharmed, past the ashes and the ruins. Not as a conqueror was he come, to march in triumph. Not to destroy, but to heal. Though there were many times when we had to fight for a path through the crowds, he did not seem to feel the danger.

Was it because he knew that his hour was not yet come?

## CHASTENED. (415)

Job 5: 17; Prov. 3: 11; Heb. 12: 11.

The women of the South drank deep the cup of sorrow.—What Virginia's feelings were at this time no one will ever know. God had mercifully given her occupation, first in nursing the judge, and later, when she needed it more, with Clarence. A miracle had changed her. Her poise, her gentleness, her dignity, were the effects which people saw. Her force people felt. And this is why we cannot of ourselves add one cubit to our stature. It is God who changes—who cleanses us of our levity with the fire of trial. Happy, thrice happy, those whom He chasteneth.

## UNABLE TO SAVE (416)

Ps. 49: 7; I Pet. 1: 18, 19.

At a slave auction block.—"Oh, Mistah Cantah" (the agony in that cry), "is you gwinter stan' heah an' see her sol' to—to—oh, ma little chile.' De little chile dat I nussed, dat I raised up in God's 'ligion. Mistah Cantah, save her, suh, f'om dat wicked life o' sin. De Lawd Jesus 'll rewa'd you, suh. Dis ole woman'll wuk fo' you twell de flesh drops off'n her fingers, suh."

And had he not held her, she would have gone down on her knees on the stone flagging before him. Her suffering was stamped on the little man's face—and it seemed to Stephen that this was but one more trial which adversity had brought to Mr. Canter.

"Nancy," he answered (how often, and to how many, must he have had to say the same thing), "I haven't the money, Nancy. Would to God that I had Nancy!"

## A TRICK OF FATE—AN EMPTY COT.

Luke 17: 34. (417)

A bit of conversation between a Southerner and Northerner.—Do you know how we got percussion caps, seh? Three of our officers—dare-devils, seh—floated down the Mississippi on logs. One fellow made his way back with two hundred thousand. He's the pride of our Vicksburg army. The night you ran the batteries he and some others went across to your side in skiffs—in skiffs, seh, I say—and set fire to the houses in De Soto, that we might see to shoot. And then he came back in the face of our own batteries and your guns. That man was wounded by a trick of fate, by a bit of shell from your coehorns while eating his dinner in Vicksburg.

Down a side street, Stephen Brice pauses before a house with its face blown away. On the verge of one of its jagged floors is an old four-posted bed, and beside it a child's cot is standing pitifully—the tiny pillow still at the head and the little sheets thrown across the foot. So much for one of the navy's shells.

## LINCOLN SHOT ON GOOD FRIDAY.

John 12: 24. (418)

"In the morning came to Stephen and Virginia the news of Abraham Lincoln's death. And the same thought was in both their hearts, who had known him as it was given to few to know him. How he had lived in sorrow; how he had died a martyr on the very day of Christ's death upon the cross. And they believed that Abraham Lincoln gave his life for his country even as Christ gave his for the world."—(Lincoln was assassinated April 14).

## CARNAGE OF WAR.

Not an officer or private in the Vicksburg armies who does not remember the 25th of June, and the hour of three in an afternoon of pitiless heat. Silently the long blue files wound into position behind the earth barriers which hid them from the enemy, coiled and ready to strike when the towering redoubt on the Jackson road should rise heavenwards.

Then the earth opened with a quake. The sun was darkened, and a hot blast fanned the upturned faces. In the sky, through the film of shattered clay, little black dots scurried, poised and fell again as arms and legs and headless trunks and shapeless bits of wood and iron. Men who ran across that crater's rim of a summer's afternoon died in torture under tier upon tier of their comrades—and so the hole was filled.

## DESERTS OF WAR. (419)

Matt. 16: 27; 1 Cor. 9: 24; Rev. 3: 11.

"The two armies watched and were still. They noted the friendly greeting of old comrades, and after that they saw the self-contained Northerner (Grant) biting his cigar, as one to whom the pleasantries of life were past and gone. The South saw her General turn on his heel. The bitterness of his life was come. Both sides honored him for the fight he had made. But war does not reward a man according to his deserts.

120 Gone

# ILLUSTRATIONS ON SALVATION

**From Monday Lectures, by Joseph Cook.**

## SOUL WINNING HIGHEST PLEASURE. 421

Prov. 11:30; John 4:36; 1 Thess. 3:19.

Washington Irving was once invited to Boston by the historian Prescott to spend a week of leisure, but refused to do so on the ground that hard work was a greater delight than rest. Only those who have had experience in the deepest secrets of life understand that our best blisses come from the performance of our most odious duties. "It would give me the greatest pleasure to enjoy companionship with a few choice spirits like yourself," Irving wrote to Prescott; "but I dread the vortex of gay society. Habits of literary occupation have almost unfitted me for idle, gentlemanly life. Relaxation and repose begin to be unsupportable to me. I feel a disposition to relapse into hard writing." (Ticknor's Prescott, illus. ed., pp. 422, 423). We think that conversation with the religiously irresolute is a very difficult duty; and yet those who perform it know that it is the source of one of the highest blisses of this life, and find such reward, that their hallowed endeavor will be prolonged from the love of it. They will relapse, as Washington Irving did, into hard work at what may have been in its earlier stages not a little distasteful. Those are the happiest persons in Boston today, who have done most face to face with the religiously irresolute during the past three months. Those will remember the winter with the greatest delight who have plunged themselves into this cold sea of personal conversation with the religiously indifferent, and have beaten back all its surges, instead of sinking; and, when they have beaten them, have found the waters buoying them up, until now stalwart swimming is a bliss. Christians do not know their privileges until they learn to like these most difficult parts of a Christian's duty.

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## PRAYER IS NATURAL. 422

Jonah 1:6; Acts 17:27, 28; James 3:9.

It is recorded by Tacitus, with some surprise, that in the marshes of the Rhine there lived a tribe of Finns, who were so degraded as not to believe in the efficacy of prayer. An obscure infidel sheet in Boston has lately said, "The whole teaching of Free Religion concerning prayer is concentrated in this short maxim, 'Never pray, if you can help it.'" In a straightforward course of thought it is necessary to admit that sometimes we cannot help praying. From the point of view of science this conceded fact means more than much. "At their wits' end all men pray," Shakespeare says. But what all men do, and cannot help doing, is instinctive. The existence of an organic or constitutional instinct is adequate scientific proof of the existence of its correlate. Wherever we find a fin, there has been provided water to match it; a wing, air to match it; an eye, light to match it; a migrating instinct, a climate to match it. The instinct of petition is no exception to the rule that God creates no hunger to mock it. Hegel and Emerson call prayer the highest act of the human spirit. The proof of the efficacy of prayer is its naturalness.

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## "GOD BE MERCIFUL." 423

Ps. 103; Luke 6:36 and 18:13.

What is implied in the words, God be merciful to me a sinner?

1. That there is a God.
2. That there is a moral law.
3. That the moral law represents the will of a person.
4. That the law and the person have unconditional authority.
5. That I ought to obey that authority.
6. That I could have done what I ought.
7. That my will is free.
8. That I freely refused to do what I ought.
9. That the ill-desert of this refusal is wholly mine.
10. That I cannot remove this ill-desert from myself.
11. That there is obligation existing on my part to satisfy the violated majesty of the law.
12. That my own future good works cannot meet this obligation.
13. That God's mercy must meet it for me, if it is to be met at all.
14. That I implore God's mercy so to meet it.
15. That I trust myself implicitly to his mercy.
16. That I do so with entire freedom from the spirit of self-righteousness.
17. That I do so in the spirit of rejoicing loyalty to a personal Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; one God, who was, and is, and is to come.
18. That in all these beliefs I hold propositions, which, in my business and my family, in public and in secret, I mean to transmute into action.

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## PARDON BEFORE REPENTENCE 424

Prov. 28:13; Is. 1:16-18 and 55:7.

What! A limit of God's power? He loves us; and he is as a father in this world, who will not pardon a child until the child has repented. A deliberate lie has been told you by a child of yours, and brazen impudence stands upon the boy's face. With entire intelligence as to the character of his act, he denies that he has told a lie, and exhibits no sorrow for it. "Come now," it is said to you, "be liberal; course I cannot," you reply. "I love the child. If I pardon him before he repents, I injure him. He is old enough to know what he is about; he understands the evil of falsehood: he knows perfectly that he had done a thing that should not have been done, and knows that I know this: and now, if I pardon him before he repents at all, I injure him."

### WAVERING IS SUICIDE. 425

Judges 7: 22; Job 9: 2; Is. 48: 22; 2 Cor. 5: 19.

It is a famous story concerning the Greek general Brasidas, that he looked out one morning upon the host that was attacking the city he was set to defend, and said, "Victory is ours, for I see that the spears in the files of the enemy are not in line. The ranks yonder are so illy trained, that their weapons will become sources of suicide before the sun shall set." Fasten your attention, gentlemen, on the quivering spears of the host who attack self-evident truth in its relations to that central Christian doctrine which we call the Atonement. My purpose is not controversial, but practical. I speak in the name of axioms only, and I have labored up to our present point of view with the hope of convincing you that the converging admissions of all who are good ethical scholars prove the necessity of a great arrangement, not made by man, to secure his harmonization with his entire environment.

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### TRINITY. 426

Matt. 28: 19; 1 Cor. 8: 6.

When the Christian martyr Pionius was asked by his judges, "What God dost thou worship?" he replied: "I worship Him who made the heavens, and who beautified them with stars, and who has enriched the earth with flowers and trees." "Dost thou mean," asked the magistrates, "Him who was crucified?" "Certainly," replied Pionius; "Him whom the Father sent for the salvation of the world. As Pionius died, so died Blandina and the whole host of those who in the first three centuries, without knowing any thing of the Nicene Creed, held it implicitly, if not explicitly, and proclaimed it in flames and in dungeons, in famine and in nakedness, under the rack and under the sword.

On the Egean Sea, under the Shadow of the Acropolis, there were undoubtedly sung yesterday, in the Greek cathedrals, words which were written in the second century:

"Hail, gladdening Light, of his pure glory poured,
Who is the Immortal Father, heavenly blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord!
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening around us shine;
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine:
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life alone.

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### DEATH OF CHARLES KINGSLEY. 427

Is. 26: 3; John 10: 29; Phil. 4: 7; 2 Tim. 4: 7.

In 1875 Charles Kingsley, having bidden adieu to Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle, lay dying; and, with the breath of eternity on his cheeks, the central thought of this modern man was that "only in faith and love to the Incarnate God our Saviour, can the cleverest, as well as the simplest, find the peace of God, which passes understanding." "In this faith," says his wife, "he had lived—and as he had lived, so he died—humble, confident, unbewildered." In the night he was heard murmuring, "No more fighting; no more fighting." Then followed intense earnest prayers, which were his habit when alone. His warfare was accomplished; he had fought the good fight; and, on one of his last nights on earth, his daughter heard him exclaim, "How beautiful God is!" The last morning at five o'clock, just after his eldest daughter and his physician, who had sat up all night, had left him, and he thought himself alone, he was heard in a clear voice repeating the Burial Service: "Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy, merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from Thee." He turned on his side after this, and never spoke again.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SACRIFICED COLLARS TO SAVE A SOUL.

1 Cor. 12: 25; Ps. 142: 4. 428

That love of one's neighbor which is "the fulfilling of the law" was exemplified by Governor Briggs of Massachusetts. It is related in "Point and Purpose" that his supposed eccentricity of not wearing a collar was the keeping of a promise to a drunkard. Governor Briggs had told him that his habit was unnecessary; the man retorted: "We do a great many things that are not necessary. It is not necessary for you to wear a collar." "Very well," said the governor, "I will never wear a collar if you will never drink." The man agreed. Both kept their word. They laid the governor in his casket without a collar, and the man saved by his self-sacrifice looked down into his white face with the resolve to be also true to his promise to the end.

This is the kind of love that men can understand—self-sacrificing love. You may give a man many things, and he will never appreciate them fully until you give him your hand, in frank fellowship. "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, a man's a man for a' that."

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### HOW WI-YU CAME TO CHRIST. 429

John 1: 12 and 6: 37; Rom. 6: 13; I John 4: 19.

Mrs. L. P. Broad has written and the Kansas Congregational Home Missionary Society has published the following little story; hundreds of thousands of copies of it have been distributed; and it is reported, apparently authentically, that this little story has led hundreds to begin a Christian life:

Wi-yu's father and mother were pagans. She was a little Indian girl. She never heard a word about Jesus until she came to the mis-

sion. We were glad to take the children of pagans, even while both parents were living. One day Wi-yu walked up to me and said: "I want to give myself away to you." I was much surprised, but looked into the little girl's black eyes and said: "Why does Wi-yu wish to give herself to me?" "Because," said she, simply, "I love you." After this, they all called Wi-yu my little girl.

One day while Wi-yu sat by my side learning how to hem a pocket handkerchief neatly, I asked her if she loved Jesus, of whom I had been talking to her. "No," she said, "I do not; but I want to. I want to be a Christian, but I'm too little."

"But Jesus says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'"

"I don't know how to go to him; I don't know what to do," she said

"Wi-yu," said I, "you must give yourself away to him." She looked at me in surprise.

"How can I do that?" she exclaimed.

"How did you give yourself away to me?"

"I came to you and asked you to take me, because I love you."

"Why do you love me, dear?" She hesitated a moment, and then answered, "I think it must be because you love me."

"Yes, Wi-yu, that's just the reason. Now, Jesus has been loving you all this time, while you have not been caring in the least for him."

She stopped sewing and sat very still awhile, thinking. I did not say a word, because I knew the Holy Spirit was teaching her. At last she said:

"Would Jesus be willing for me to give myself away to him just as I do to you?"

"Certainly, my dear child; that is exactly what he wants you to do. He wants all of you, too. He wants your little feet to run for him, your lips and tongue to speak for him, and your whole heart to love him."

After some more quiet thinking, Wi-yu knelt by my side and said: "My dear Jesus, I give myself away to you. I give you my hands, my feet, my mouth, my tongue, and my heart; I give you all of myself. Please take me, dear Jesus." She arose and said:

"Do you think he heard me?"

"I am sure of it," said I; "and you will find his answer in your little Testament." Together we found these precious words in her Indian Testament: "Any one that cometh unto me, I will not thrust aside." Believing that Jesus meant just what he said, she from this moment knew that she was his own, dear, saved child.—Outlook.

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## LOOK UP NOT DOWN. 430

Luke 21: 28; Phil. 3: 14; Heb. 12: 2.

Steeple-climber Merrill said recently:

"Talking about steeples—some are hard and dangerous; but the one on Trinity, in spite of its three hundred-odd feet, has knobs of stone for ornament all the way up (they call them corbels), and all you have to do is to step from one to another."

"How much of a step?"

"Oh, when I stood on one the next one came to my breast, and then I could just touch the one above that."

He called this easy climbing!

"The only ticklish bit was just at the top, where two great stones, weighing about a ton apiece, swell out like an apple on a stick, and I had to crawl round and over that apple, which was four feet or so across. If it hadn't been for grooves and scroll-work in the stone I couldn't have done it, and even as it was I had two or three minutes of hard wriggling after I kicked off with my feet and began pulling myself up."

"You mean you hung by your hands from this big ball of stone?"

"I hung mostly by my fingers; the scrolls weren't deep enough for my hands to go in."

"And you drew yourself slowly up and round and over that ball?"

"Certainly; that was the only way."

"And it was at the very top?"

"Yes, just under the cross. It wasn't much though; you could do it yourself."

"You would be surprised," he went on, "to feel the movement of a steeple. It trembles all the time, and answers every jar on the street below. I guess old Trinity's steeple sways eighteen inches every time an elevated train passes; and Saint Paul's is even worse. Why, she rocks like a beautifully balanced cradle; it would make some people seasick. Perhaps you don't know it, but the better a steeple is built the more she sways. You want to look out for the ones that stand rigid; there is something wrong with them—most likely they're out of plumb."

He keeps his eye fixed above all the time. Paul pressed toward the mark of his steeple, his high calling. If we keep our eyes fixed on Christ and he is in whatever work he calls us to, we shall go on step by step until we arrive at the top, and be like him.

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## HIS OWN MASTER. 431

Matt. 23: 10; Matt. 6: 24.

"I am my own master!" said a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be sure of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. So did Herod; and so did Judas. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ,' I work under his direction. He is regular, and where he is master, all goes right."

### ETERNAL TREASURES. 432

Matt. 6: 20; Heb. 11: 25.

"Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils he did not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—
. . . . .
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies."

### SPEAK GENTLY TO THE MOSQUITO.

II Thess. 2: 11; I John 4: 1. 433

The New York Tribune tells us of a woman living in New Britain, Conn., who is a Christian Scientist and maintains that mosquitoes have brains and reasoning powers, that it is outrageous to kill "the little harmless insects" and that all that is necessary is to reason with them. She says: "If the mosquito is troubling you just speak to him kindly and say, 'Look here, my friend, you leave me alone and I'll leave you alone.' Then believe that he won't bite you! Even if he does his sting won't hurt. I have done this for years and now enjoy having the pretty little things around and listening to their musical buzz."

This isn't half as ridiculous as some of the claims of Science and Health, the Christian Science Bible.

### PUT ON THE BRAKES. 434

Prov. 4: 18; Eccl. 12: 1; Jer. 13: 16; John 12:35.

An old stage driver in North Carolina, who for thirty years had handled the reins, and had the reputation of being the best driver, came to the dark river; he was dying, and in his delirium he was using the whip, talking gently and lovingly to his horses, which he always spoke to as members of the family. Many a night when it was so dark that the passenger could not see his hand before him, this good driver had carried the stage safely along the narrow roads; and now, as his eye grew dim, he was driving in the dark. "Be careful!" "Pull up!" "To the Right!" "It is growing dark!" he was heard to exclaim. And suddenly lifting his foot and pressing it down, he said: "Gently, boys, we are going down hill; put on the brakes! put on the brakes! put on the brakes!" And with his hand in imagination grasping the reins, and his foot heavily upon the brakes, he died. But he put on the brakes too late. He had struck the bottom, a wreck, we fear, forever. Young man, now is the time to put on the brakes. By God's grace stop in the downward course, and being with manly effort to climb the up grade which grows brighter and brighter as we rise to the perfect day.

### THE GREAT MAGNET. 435

Is. 53: 5; John 12: 32.

Our Lord said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." When we have set aside the atonement on the cross we have removed the magnet that draws. Minds and hearts that cannot be touched by the sermon on the Mount, or the sublime teachings of Jesus, are drawn and melted in loving gratitude by the scene of Calvary.

A Roman servant, we are told, dressed like his master, and was executed for him. Did the master have no gratitude and fail to love his memory? If so, he was an ingrate indeed. During the French revolution a son answered to the name of his father when the roll call of the condemned was made, and took the father's place on the guillotine. Did the father have no response of gratitude in his heart, and no expression of love from his lips? If so, you are repelled by his baseness. God's wisdom, power and greatness may overawe, but they do not win us like Christ on the Cross.

### WHAT THE DOUBTER MUST ACCOUNT FOR. 436

Matt. 7: 20; Mark 13: 31.

He who doubts that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, must explain how the sixty millions of people of this commonwealth were mistaken in believing that they did land, and how it happens that traces of such an origin are found in our constitution, in our religious and educational institutions, and in our annual festival —Thanksgiving. He who doubts or denies the resurrection of Jesus Christ must explain how more than one hundred millions of the best, truest, most intelligent people were mistaken in believing that Jesus rose, and must also furnish some account of the origin of the strongest, purest and best civilization on the face of the earth, and account for the celebration of Easter."—Edward B. Mason.

## STUDIES IN NEGLECTED TEXTS,

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

### THE SECRET OF TRUE GREATNESS.

"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."—Matt. 20: 27.

In the conversation of which this text forms a part, we have the account of James and John, with the added influence of their mother's plea, coming to Christ and making the selfish and ambitious request that they might sit the one on the right hand and the other on the left in His kingdom. Naturally enough, the other ten were jealous and indignant. Christ knew their thoughts. With the tenderness with which a mother would gather her little children about her, the Saviour called His disputing disciples and taught them the true nature of His kingdom and the way to be truly great in it.

He told James and John they were wrong. They had asked not for employment in His kingdom, but for honor only. He taught them that true greatness in His kingdom was to be obtained in another way. "Whosoever

will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

I. All true greatness must be sought indirectly.

In Christ's kingdom highest usefulness is highest honor. Our aim should be helpfulness to others, not the lording it over them. He is greatest who helps most, most honored who is most useful. Pre-eminence in Christ's kingdom comes to us by "submitting one to another," by "edifying one another," by "studying to please one another," by "doing good as we have opportunity." The great are simply great servants, the chief, the chief servants. We are to seek for serviceableness, and then greatness comes. Is it not the same indirect way the Apostle Paul gained his position of pre-eminence? Does not the world by common consent call him the Great Apostle? He called himself less than the least, and not worthy to be called an apostle. Yet is he not chief? What is the secret of it but this, that he "labored more abundantly than they all"? So it comes to be true in the spiritual realm that we serve ourselves best as we serve others most.

II. Again, in these words of Christ, we see a perfectly just test to apply in all our estimates of human worth.

The world is full of people claiming recognition. The wise world plods on and puts forward those who are useful. The Romans always decreed a crown to any citizen who saved a man's life. But the crown of Christ's kingdom is given only to him who saves a man's soul. The test of greatness is usefulness, and men are judged by that test.

III. The incident teaches us how to build for ourselves the most enduring monument. Write your name with kindness on a fellowman's heart, and you will be missed when you are gone. Your name shall last longer than on granite or marble. How many of us are living so as to be missed? It can only be done through this ministry of usefulness. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

## FAITHFULNESS.

"Moreover it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful."—1 Cor. 4: 12. 2.

I. Faithfulness implies, first, a firm adherence to the person of Christ. It means loyalty. It is required of us as Christian stewards that we be found faithful and loyal to our Master. The whole world joins in execrating a deserter. He is hated by enemy and friend alike. No one has any respect for the Benedict Arnolds and Aaron Burrs. What is wanted is fidelity to Christ.

II. This fidelity implies, again, a careful and exact performance of the duties He assigns us. It is required in a steward that he be found faithful; that means reliable in his work. That is a prime quality in all business or professional success. The call everywhere is for men of fidelity and reliability.

In a terrible gale in 1851 the beautiful lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, near Boston, was destroyed. Two men were in it at the time. A great multitude gathered on the shore waiting in anxious distress to witness its expected fall. But every hour the bell tolled the time, and constantly the light shone out into the darkness to warn the sailor from the dangerous spot. No wind could silence the bell; no wave extinguish the light. But at last one wave, one giant wave, mightier than all the rest, rose up and threw its arms around the tower and laid it low in the sea. Then alone was the bell silent. Then alone did the light cease to shine. Just such faithfulness to duty as was shown by those lighthouse keepers is the fidelity we should show to the duties Christ assigns us.

III. This fidelity implies, again, firm adhesion to the party of Christ. There are two parties, one for, one against. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Be loyal to the people of Christ, the Church of Christ, the cause of Christ.

IV. This fidelity implies also faithful continuance in well-doing.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." There is nothing in the history of Pompeii that invests it with a deeper interest than the spot where a soldier of old Rome displayed a most heroic fidelity. That fatal day on which Vesuvius, at whose feet the city stood, burst out into an eruption that shook the earth, a sentinel kept watch by the gate which looked on the burning mountain. Amidst the fearful disorder the sentinel had been forgotten; and as Rome required her sentinels, happen what might, to hold their posts until relieved by the guard, or set at liberty by other officers, he had to choose between death and dishonor. Pattern of fidelity, he stands by his post. Slowly but surely the ashes rise on his manly form; now they reach his breast; and now covering his lips they choke his breathing. He also "was faithful unto death." After seventeen centuries they have found his skeleton standing erect in a marble niche, clad in its rusty armor, the helmet on his empty skull and his bony fingers still closing upon his spear. Be thou, fellow Christians, likewise faithful unto death, and yours shall be a crown of eternal life and glory.

## THE BELIEVER'S BANK NOTE.

"My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4: 19.

Paul and his colleagues were poor. The Philippian Christians had met some of their wants, and Paul declares his firm belief that God would enrich them for it out of the glorious treasures of his providence and grace. "My God shall supply," etc. This has been called The Believer's Bank Note. It is good for blessings for body and for soul, for time and for eternity.

I. Consider, first, the Christian's needs. "Shall supply all your needs."

This is not ap romise that God will satisfy all our wishes or whims. He will supply what he sees to be our needs. It is the same thought as the Psalmist had when he said that the Lord being his shepherd he should not want anything really good for him. But how many our real needs are; needs for the body, needs for the soul, needs for our families, needs for the present, needs for the future, needs for time, needs for eternity; our needs are as many as our moments. Every sincere Christian may say, with the saintly

Gotthold, "My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need His love and consolation for my refreshment; I am like a wandering and lost sheep, and I need Him as a good and faithful shepherd; I am a feeble vine, and I need His cross to lay hold of, and wind myself about; I am a sinner, and I need His righteousness; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need His solace; I am ignorant, and I need His teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of His Holy Spirit; in no situation and at no time can I do without Him."

II. Notice, secondly, the source of supply. "My God shall supply," etc.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," etc. God will supply all our needs. Nobody else can. He can. Paul's God is the God of providence. "He openeth his hand and supplieth the wants of every living thing." He is also the God of grace. "My grace is sufficient for thee." He is also the God of Heaven. He has wonderful riches in reserve there.

III. Consider, thirdly, the measure of supply. "According to His riches in glory."

God is a glorious giver. Whatever is done is done in a way worthy of Himself. He gives in a style that becomes His wealth. He gives like a king—according to His riches. Sometimes His blessings seem too much for us to receive, but He reassures us by saying that they are not too much for Him to give. "The riches of His grace" are the treasures of the Bank of Heaven, to which all believers have free access, and for all time. Jesus told His disciples to ask, that their joy might be full. We might hesitate to make too large a draft upon an earthly friend, but there is no need to draw lightly upon God.

"For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much."

## PERSISTENCE IN WELL DOING.

"And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Gal. 6: 9.

The duties of the Christian life are continuous. On this account there is always danger of our becoming weary, ceasing, or growing lax in our well doing. We need, therefore, the often reminder and new command to duty.

Instead of reviewing the whole sphere of duty, let us select some of the items of well doing in the which we ought especially not to weary.

I. First, we are well doing in fighting our sins. It is all-important that we resist every temptation toward giving up the struggle. We need to resolve over and over again, and begin over and over again, and fight over and over again the battles against evil within and without us. But it is a glad fact that the victory is sure if we keep on. "We shall reap if we faint not."

II. Again, we are well doing in using all the means of grace. But here again it is very important that we weary not in their use and give not over our efforts. How liable, for example, we all are to neglect daily private prayer, or to let it become such a formal thing that it has no meaning. How important that we stir ourselves up continually to renewed faithfulness in the study of God's Word. So of every means of grace. Satan continually tries to take away our relish for them; but if we keep on and hold ourselves steadily to duty we will reap increasing strength for the service as well as increasing joy in it.

III. We are well doing also in our efforts for the salvation of others. This is a field of effort in which Christians seem especially liable to a lack of continuity of interest and effort. We go by starts and spurts. We warm up to this kind of work only now and then. Many Christians experience long seasons in which they seem utterly indifferent to the souls of others. These periods of indifference largely destroy our power. We too often drift away into coldness, then into sin. Sin ultimately paralyzes our arm, and we secure no results. Whenever we find ourselves growing the least indifferent it is our duty quickly to rekindle the fires of love and stir ourselves to the acceptance of all duties and opportunities that are presented.

Not long since we heard a woman who had been a devoted church worker make the remark: "Well, I have done enough. I am going to stop and let some one else do the work now. I have done my share." Remarks and feelings of this kind are far too common. Many a pastor has heard them. We always feel sorry for the one who utters such a sentiment, for it plainly indicates that that Christian is "weary" in his or her "well doing," and has lost heart and interest. It is important that we keep ourselves stirred up all the time to the condition where we will be willing to do good as we have opportunity, and even rejoice in each new opportunity.

But it is a happy fact that such faithfulness is sure of reward. "We shall reap if we faint not." If your work does not seem fruitful in sheaves, if you do not see the results now, yet the promise is yours, and every faithful laborer's: "In due season you shall reap, if you faint not."

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## UNUSUAL.

Minister: "Is your father at home, Willie?"

William: "Yes, but he's got the rheumatism so bad he ain't safe to talk to."—Indianapolis News.

* * *

"Old Grouch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear."

"Did any one recognize him?"

"Nobody but his wife."—Lookout.

* * *

"No, we didn't invite her to our wedding. We heard that she had a past."

"Oh, I understand; and you cared to see only people with a present."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

* * *

This is little Dick's description of his first flash of lightning and first clap of thunder:

"O mamma! I saw an angel go into heaven, and bang the door after it!"

* * *

How much do you love mother?" a little child was asked. "Up to the sky, along a bit, and down on the other side."

"Yes, sah," said Uncle 'Rastus, "I preached fo' dat cong'gation two yeahs, an' all I evah got f'm de membahs wuz $10. Ten dollars, sah. Not a cent mo'."

"That was miserably poor pay," replied the listener.

"I don't know," rejoined Uncle 'Rastus, scratching his head reflectively. "Did yo' evah heah me preach, boss?"

* * *

Said Rev. Dr. Wesley to Rev. Dr. Calvin: "Having any revival interest in your church this season?" "No," said Dr. Calvin, rather stiffly; "we don't believe much in a religion of chills and fever." "So," said Dr. Wesley, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "you dispense with the fever."

* * *

At a festive banquet representatives of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergy had been invited, and were engaged in pleasant converse.

The rabbi, faithful to the dietary precepts of his religion, partook of only a few of the dishes. An appetizing joint of roast pork was set on the table. The Catholic priest turned to his neighbor, and asked, "When will the time come that I may have the privilege of serving you with a slice of this delicious meat?" "When I have the gratification of assisting at your reverence's wedding," the rabbi rejoined, with a courteous bow.

* * *

The word of the Lord endureth forever. 1 Peter 1: 25.

Last eve I paused beside the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime:
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.
"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; and then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."
And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

* * *

An old Scotch fisherman was visited during his last illness by a clergyman wearing a close-fitting clerical waistcoat, which buttoned behind. The clergyman asked the old man if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo, ay, I'm richt; but there's just ae thing that troubles me, and I dinna like to speak o't."

"I am anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."

* * *

They were holding revival meetings in the Methodist church at C——. One night after an earnest exhortation from the preacher, which was enough to move hearts of stone, there being no response from the unsaved, a good old brother sprang up and exclaimed with much earnestness, "How can you sit still after what we have just heard! Turn from your evil way and repent tonight. If you don't you'll all be in hell 'fore you know it!" The chorister struck up with all the force of his powerful lungs:

"I'll be there, I'll be there;
When the first trumpet sounds
I'll be there."

That was enough. The meeting closed for that evening.

* * *

Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask him what he was doing, and he should reply:

"Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another."

Would you not say, "Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle a fire, and the frost will come off!"

And have you not seen people try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows.

Let the fire of love to God, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in your heart, and the bad habits will soon melt away.—London S. S. Times.

* * *

An old country gentleman belonging to Lancashire, returning home rather late one night, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a-courting.

"Come-a-what?" cried the irate gentleman.

"A-courting, sir. I'se courting Mary."

"If that be true, what do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir," was the yokel's reply, "I don't think ye did, judging by the missis."

* * *

Caller (meeting Johnny on the street): "Why, how d'ye do, Johnny? Is your mamma home?" Johnny: "No, ma'am." Caller: "Where is she? Do you know?" Johnny: "Not exactly. She's out somewhere—lookin' for me, I think."

* * *

Illustrated Testimonial from Printers' Ink.

"I had reached a point where nothing more could be done."

# CURRENT ANECDOTES

**A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals, for religious public speakers.**

(*Incorporating Cut Gems, Troy, N. Y.*)

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Our offer of $1.50 for the best illustration submitted, see page 376 in the April issue, will be continued for May. Please read the instructions carefully. A number of the contributors for the April number evidently did not do that. The competition closes on the 12th of each month. The first illustration in this issue was the best received last month.

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The past month or two we have come across several lots of material that are not found in the beaten path, which will be gold mines to our readers. We are finding so much that beginning with the September issue we will have to increase to 64 pages to contain it all. We have commenced the difficult task of making each number better than the preceding.

We have often heard Current Anecdotes spoken of as required by modern conditions; that it was necessary to use illustrations in sermons to attract and hold attention of persons that were in the habit of reading magazines and stories. In short, that if people were like they were fifty years ago that illustrations would not be necessary, and therefore that the use of illustrations was a necessary evil. When a man does not do his utmost to make his sermon interesting and effective he is not doing his duty. The Holy Spirit does not crown laziness in thought any more than in action.

But in view of this modern condition, etc., it was interesting to me, in reading a collection of Persian tales (some of which I will give you some day) to find reference to a collection of stories some 400 years old, that is nothing more nor less than an early edition of Current Anecdotes. The story is given, then the moral with references to the scripture it illustrates. These stories were used generally by the monks, and one of them was amplified by Shakespeare into the Merchant of Venice. In an early number I will give you the best of them. The book is out of print now and rare. As you may know, I refer to the Gesta Romanorum. You may wish to look it up. You will find it only in the larger libraries. This is one of the mines. I have discovered another equally as rich. I expect to reprint several chapter's from Spurgeon's book, "Art of Illustrations," which I am now publishing. How that prince of illustrators would have enjoyed Current Anecdotes. Preachers owe him a great deal for blazing the way in the use of illustrations.

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How about your vacation? You may say you cannot afford to take one. You are mistaken. You cannot afford not to take one. Therefore I am preparing for the June number a list of summer Chautauquas, giving attractions of interest to preachers, special prices to them, and the address of a man who will give you further information. There will be about sixty of them in almost every State of the Union. I will give you information of European trips. All these cost money, and there are men who cannot afford to spend a cent on a vacation. To the latter I would recommend my patent vacation. It is take a day a week from this time on and walk in the woods and country. Cover from ten to twenty miles so that you will know you have been doing something. Take an opera glass—borrow one if necessary. Put two or three slices of bacon or cheese between halves of biscuits. If there is a river in your vicinity explore it, a mountain, climb it, a hill, circumnavigate it. You say you don't like nature. Learn to like it. Read Mowbray's "A Journey to Nature," or Wm. J. Long's books, "Secrets of the Woods," "Wilderness Ways," etc., or Blanchan's "Bird Neighbors," or Seton Thompson's books, although they do not draw you to the woods as much as do Long's books. Go alone unless you can find exactly the fellow you want with you. It would be an easy matter to extend your day's tramp to one of a week or more. If you do, take the rail forty or fifty miles to where you are not known. And don't tell everyone you are a preacher. The ordinary man isn't himself before a preacher. And if your tone of voice betrays you, practice to overcome it on the trip. A ministerial tone of voice is the worst handicap a man ever had in serving the Lord.

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Speaking of biscuit or cheese and bacon reminds me of a comment made by a subscriber from Hackensack. In asking for renewals, I added a postscript that a number had said that they could not do without Current Anecdotes. His comment was: "I will not say that 'I cannot do without Current Anecdotes,' but, that it is like a good meal which has been set before me, which I could get along without, but I should not like to have to do without." We accept the reservation, and shall do our utmost to make Current Anecdotes more and more appetizing, as well as nourishing.

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## BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA AND MUSEUM:

Congregationalist: "Full, dense, rich."

S. W. Shelton, Owensboro, Ky.: 'Surpass my expectation."

John Snell, Wheaton, Ill.: "Gold mine for the student pastor."

Rev. G. T. Gibson, Hollisterville, Pa.: "You deserve praise for publishing such a remarkably good work at such a small price."

Rev. M. W. Wright, Taunton, Mass.: "I read two sermons. They alone are worth the price of the book."

# BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

## UNDER THE BLUE CANOPY OF HEAVEN.

BY H. B. GIBBUD.

(This book is indispensable to the one who does open air work. The author died recently, and the book is now for sale by Mrs. H. B. Gibbud, Springfield, Mass. She will send it postpaid on receipt of 75 cents.)

In the introduction Mr. Gibbud faces the situation in cities and larger towns, and almost everywhere, and says that the non-church goers are not of the vicious class. The open-air meeting is the solution urged, and says that notwithstanding the work has fallen into disrepute in some places through its having been left to cranks and fanatics, the fact remains that some of the best work ever done has been in the line of open-air work, and mentions Jesus, Paul, Wesley, Knox and Bunyon.

Mr. Gibbud's twenty-five years' experience gives great weight to his recommendations, which he makes under these six points:

1. Permit.
2. Place of meeting.
3. Portioning out the work.
4. Preliminary prayer.
5. Preparedness.

Under the head of permit he suggests that a politician can get it quicker than a preacher, and there are Christian politicians. The following incident shows that tactfulness is very important:

### OFFENDED OFFICER WON OVER.

A bigoted policeman ordered us to stop our meeting. We showed our permit, but he said we had no business there and must move. We asked him to suggest a good place. This mollified his wrath some, and he pointed out a grass plot near at hand. Addressing the crowd, we said: "This gentleman, the officer, has suggested a better place for our meeting than the one we picked out. We want to thank him and ask you to step over to yonder grass plot where we will continue our service." The officer was won over and ever afterwards was very friendly.

Under the second heading, Place, he says it is a question of people not place. Don't pick out a place because it is pleasant. Have a building at your back, as it will act as a sounding board, brings the people in front, and prevents them getting behind you. If possible have a building in front and avoid having a roadway between your workers and the audience. Portion out your work to a leader, letting him have full charge of the meeting, speakers, singers, organist, man to count the crowd, man in audience to prevent disturbance and tract distributors.

After some valuable advice on other matters, he says that a good-natured man should be placed in the audience, and gives this example in case of trouble:

We often said, "Now friend, you're a gentleman, you don't want to disturb a religious meeting, I'm sure; but you see there are some bad boys here that are ready to take advantage of anything for a laugh, and when you talk they will laugh, so please keep quiet." Some workers will stand and reason with such a man and keep saying "keep quiet" and make more disturbance than the man himself. If he will not keep quiet say, "Come over here, where we won't disturb these people, I want to talk with you," so lead him away. If one is bound to disturb meeting, we used to say, "You're evidently looking for trouble; if you want it, then come around the corner." Then walk off, and your man will follow you around the corner. Then we said, "Now, if you want trouble have it by yourself. We don't want any, but don't come back to disturb that meeting, there is a penalty of thirty days in jail for disturbing a religious meeting, and if you persist in doing it, we shall call an officer." This has always been effectual. The fact that your watcher is apparently an outsider gives him an added influence.

Following is another bit of wisdom:

Don't begin your meeting in the street with prayer; that is, with vocal prayer.

1. It is not wise to close your eyes on a crowd.
2. The crowd will not be interested in prayer, and will begin to drift away as soon as you begin to pray.
3. You are not there to worship but to evangelize.
4. If you are praying secretly there is no need of open prayer.
5. Nothing is gained—quite a little is lost by it.

### SONG SERVICE.

This should not be long enough to tire workers, only enough to gather a crowd.

Don't begin with familiar songs such as "Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "A Fountain Filled With Blood." Amateurs usually do this. These songs are so familiar a street crowd will not be attracted by them. They will say, "Oh, come on, that's a religious meeting." If you use some of the new, bright, attractive songs, they will want to listen, and will not be so apt to disturb the singing, as they want to hear it. At first while the crowd is gathering, the lighter songs can be used, but later more attention should be paid to the character of the words. Now, one of the old hymns can be sung, it may awaken memories of bygone days. Toward the close of the meeting "invitation" hymns should be used. Don't sing "At the Cross;" it has been parodied with words of the vilest character and the rough ones in the crowd will often sing these words. There should be a good deal of singing inter-

spersed with the speaking so as to hold the crowd and draw new people.

Mr. Gibbud neglects no detail in this handbook. He says that the speaker who attempts to hold a crowd as against a dog-fight will have the conceit taken out of him. He advises singing a song, which, he says, sometimes stops the fight.

Following is an example of Mr. Gibbud's style of talking and advice:

WE FIND FARMERS.

Before settling down to the gospel talk we often used the following as it helped to catch the audience:

"One thing has surprised us in talking to the crowds, and that is to find so many farmers present; we know they are farmers because they have they pitchforks with them. When we said something intended for them, they pitched it over to their neighbor saying, 'that's good for Blank, I'm glad he heard it.'"

"Now, if there are any farmers present today we hope they have left their pitchforks at home, and have their rakes with them, and will rake in what we have to say, as we want this to be a personal message to each one present."

Then we would go on with the gospel talk.

FATTED CALF AMONG FARMERS.

Don't talk on subjects which you are not familiar with. If the speaker don't know what he is talking about a street crowd will soon let him know they have discovered that fact.

A city chap, speaking to farmers on the "Prodigal Son," in making reference to the killing of the fatter calf, said: "It was no common, ordinary calf; it was one that had been in the family for years and years." He lost his crowd.

SEND FOR THE GAS FITTER.

One can often save a meeting by some quick reply. Spurgeon tells of a meeting where an infidel nearly succeeded in breaking up a meeting by declaring that the man who had invented gas had done more for the world than Christ. The leader did not know what to do, but a bystander jumped up and addressing the man said, "Then, sir, I suppose if you were dying, you would send for the gas fitter?" This saved the service, the speaker going right on with the gospel talk.

The foregoing will give you an idea of the practical value of the work. See following for the experience our readers have had in conducting open-air service.

## The Gospel Out of Doors.

### PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE IN OPEN-AIR WORK.

We asked especially for comment from those of our readers who had experience in open-air work in medium-sized towns. The following are valuable and to the point:

In the next issue we would be pleased to publish the names of pastors who expect to engage in open-air work this summer. This is in order that workers near one another may exchange experiences and encourage one another.

### UNION OPEN-AIR SERVICE.

In Paola, a Kansas county seat of three thousand inhabitants, there is a park at the center of the town. For years the pastors of the Baptist, Congregational, Disciple, Methodist and Presbyterian churches—all the white Protestant churches of the town—have held a union preaching service in this park, just before dark on Sunday afternoon, during ten Sundays in the summer, each pastor conducting the service on two Sundays. A platform for the speakers and singers and seats for the congregation, both built of rough boards, are all the church furniture required. A weekly collection defrays the expenses. Mothers of small children who could not attend church wheel their baby carriages to the park and hear the gospel. Teams stand in the street and people listen from their carriages. Some drive in from the country to attend these services. And many of the townspeople who, for one reason or another, would not attend church, hear the gospel in the park. Those who do attend church enjoy hearing the pastors of other churches. And a wholesome impression is made upon the community by the churches thus presenting a united front in the struggle for righteousness.

ONE OF THE PASTORS.

### IN A COUNTRY GROVE.

I have been much interested in reading the very interesting articles on out-of-door preaching, and I noticed a note by the editor asking if any could give information of open-air meetings in the country to write him. As I have had very pleasant experience in the country I write you particulars, trusting it will help other country pastors in this blessed work. My church is in Danby, six miles from the little city of Ithaca. About half way to Ithaca is a beautiful grove owned by a very kind gentleman who not only gave me permission to hold meetings there, but furnished the lumber for seats and made a small platform for me to preach from.

1. I advertize the services every week in the Ithaca papers.

2. I paint signs like this: "Come to the Grove Meetings at Henry Coons' Grove. Every Sunday Afternoon at 3:30 o'clock." (Or, you are kindly invited to the Grove Meetings, etc.)

The people have enjoyed the meetings and many who never attend church have been very faithful to the services. A cardinal feature of the meetings is the carriages can drive in and many remain in their carriage seats during the services. This, I think, induces many to come who otherwise would not. I feel that impressions have been made and that God will bless the seed that has been sown. Should my life and health be spared I intend to go on with the same work this year. I advise all country pastors to try this method. I know good will come from it.

B. FRANK TOBEY,
Pastor Congregational Church, Danby, N. Y.

## A DOOR-STEP PULPIT.

I frequently hold open-air meetings upon the lawn of the mission, using the door-steps of the chapel for a pulpit. Sometimes I have one of the organs carried outside and illuminate the grounds with Japanese lanterns strung from tree to tree on ropes. Sometimes there are three hundred in attendance. The most perfect order is maintained during the entire service. I intend holding these meetings quite frequently during the coming summer and shall be very much interested in a series of articles on open-air preaching. The mission is located upon one of our best resident streets, and two and one-half blocks from one of our principal business streets. Pray for us that God's blessings may rest upon these services and precious souls rescued for Christ. REV. MARY KIMBALL,
Janesville, Wis.

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Samuel Everton, Morden, Manitoba, asks about the practicability of holding open-air services in a town of 1,500. The experience at Paola, Kansas, would seem to answer the question. In union there is strength. Any one having had experience in a town of this size will please give it to us. Others interested in small town work are A. H. Robbins, St. Louis, Mo., and W. L. Rogers, Birmingham, Mich.

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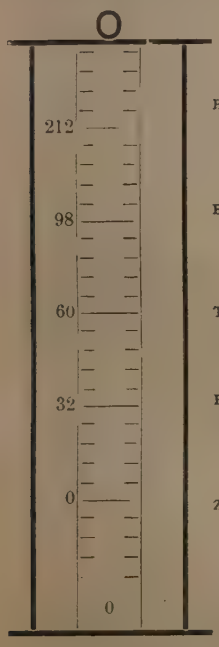
# Spiritual Thermometer

**TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE.**




BOILING—Enthusiastic, goes to the meeting, gets others to go, works anywhere, in meeting or out of meeting.

BLOOD HEAT—Very much alive, goes to meeting, leads the meeting, prays, speaks.

TEMPERATE—Alive, goes to meeting, takes part occasionally, usually found on back seat.

FREEZING—Dying, goes to meeting occasionally, never takes part.

ZERO—Dead, never goes to meeting.

I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.-Rev 3:15-16.

**WHAT IS YOUR TEMPERATURE?**

## THINGS TO TAKE TO CHURCH.

1. Your Bible.
2. A note book and pencil, and be on time.
3. A quiet, prayerful, reverential spirit.
4. A longing for a personal blessing.
5. A desire to be a blessing as well as to receive one.
6. The love that "seeketh not her own."
7. The consciousness that you are going to worship God in the name of Christ, and the power of the Holy Spirit, and not to please yourself.

## THINGS TO DO AT CHURCH.

1. Take your seat early.
2. Sit at the front, and in the far end of the pew that late comers may be accommodated.
3. Cheerfully give seat or Hymn book to strangers.
4. Pray for the pastor and worshippers.
5. Note down texts, scripture references, striking sentences and vivid illustrations. You may find use for them all.
6. Do promptly whatever is requested of the audience.
7. At the close give a kindly welcome to strangers.

## THINGS TO BRING HOME FROM CHURCH.

1. Gratitude for the privilege of public worship.
2. Zeal for work with God in the salvation of men.
3. Greater love for the souls of the backsliders and impenitent.
4. A new sense of joy of fellowship.
5. An inspiration for the coming year.
6. A resolution to invite someone to the next service.
7. A reverential spirit which will not stop to gossip or criticise, even in thought, either the preacher or his sermon.

These thermometer cards, with the above matter on the back, may be had from W. A. Hillis, American Sunday School Union, Rose Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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H. E. Brown, of the Church Envelope Co., Cleveland, O., will go to any church and spend Saturday and Sunday organizing its finances, the church to pay actual expenses. Mr. Brown has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for the International Committee, Y. M. C. A., and went into the church envelope business with the feeling that he could be the means of as great or greater service. He is a financial evangelist or "finangelist," and churches in debt need a finangelist more than an evangelist. Mr. Brown does not advertise his business on these trips; you can, if you wish, buy your financial supplies from someone else, but I believe you will make a mistake if you do. He confers with stewards, finance committee, session or vestry, and the different church societies that raise money, gives an address on giving, morning or evening. Churches where he has done this seem to be lucky in keeping out of debt afterwards. He raises no money in such meetings.

# METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

By ELLISON R. COOK.

Nothing is so useless and positively hurtful as the naming and magnifying of difficulties simply because they exist and are easily apparent in any undertaking. But the wise pastor will not shut his eyes to the obstacles and difficulties that may be in the way of an aggressive forward movement. He studies them, not with a view to rendering them as an excuse for abandoning the enterprise, but that he may the better overcome them.

In response to our request Rev. W. F. Cook, D. D., for forty-five years a leading member of the M. E. Church, south, and an active worker as a pastor and presiding elder, has prepared the following statement of what he regards as the greatest hindrance to forward movements along almost all lines. What he says is worthy the consideration of our readers and will, we believe, prove most helpful in meeting and overcoming the objections he sets forth:

## HOW DEFINITE CHURCH WORK IS HINDERED.

One of the most potential influences, detrimental to progress in church work, comes from the use of "glitteral generalities" by objectors when any definite plan of operation is proposed.

Let any effort be made, for instance, through the pulpit or religious press, to reach the convictions and conscience of the church concerning the claims of the Tithe System, and it is sure to be met by some "glittering" disquisition on the "generality" that "all we have belongs to God—not one-tenth only." This is a proposition that nobody denies, but used in this connection, its practical effect is the same as a similar argument would produce if applied to the observance of the Sabbath. All our time belongs to God; yet he saw fit to ordain that one-seventh of our time should be devoutly set apart for religious uses in a sense which does not attach to other days of the week; so while it is true that all our substance belongs to God he has seen fit to ordain that one-tenth of our earnings should be set apart for religious uses, in a sense which does not attach to the balance of our income. But no matter how clear and strong the argument in supporting this proposition, nothing is more common than for some recognized leader in the church to break its force by setting forth the popular and plausible "generality" which appeals so pleasantly and forcibly to the uneradicated covetousness which has been the bane of the church in all its history.

And thus the modern church has been confirmed in its almost total disregard of the only true and effective, because the only scripture plan of meeting the financial necessities of the Kingdom of Christ in the earth.

Something of the same sort has greatly handicapped the efforts of a few of our wiser pastors and Sunday school superintendents to introduce and maintain in their Sunday school work a system of "Decision Days." Let a proposition to this effect be made in any given Sunday school, or its importance be set forth through some Sunday school periodical or presented at some Sunday school institute, and it is almost sure to be met by the "glittering generality" that "every Sunday ought to be a decision day." This is a true and important statement, and it may be that in a few exceptional instances a rarely gifted and consecrated teacher may be found who carries it out successfully; but when it is employed as an argument against setting apart certain days as "Decision Days," during the progress of the year's work, its practical effect is to weaken and hinder any special effort at any time to lead the children to Christ.

And so it has come to pass that every effort to organize societies in the church for definite and specific work on any line, has had to contend against the indifference and apathy superinduced by just such use of glittering generalities which serve so well to furnish to a large element in the church an excuse for not doing anything.

"It is the business of the church," they say, "to do the work proposed to be done by the society." What is the use of the society? What will become of the church if you keep on organizing societies until they absorb its entire working membership? It is by just such reasoning as this many women in the church are furnished with, to them, a satisfactory excuse for not uniting with the women's missionary societies; and many young members are made to be content to stand aloof from the Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, King's Daughters, and other societies adapted, in their organization, to enlist the interest and employ the energies of the young in promoting the object for which the church stands. And, as a general rule, the members thus influenced constitute the great mass of idlers in the Lord's vineyard. To ask the question "What will become of the church if such societies absorb its membership?" is like asking what is to become of the human body when its members are organized into the various vital systems which compose its complete organism; or what is to become of the army when it is split up into divisions and brigades and regiments, etc. And yet what lamentations over the perils to the church from too many societies, notwithstanding the fact that these societies are formed and maintained to promote some special department of church work with the zeal and efficiency which come only from definite organization.

Verily, if we were called upon to name the two mightiest factors of harm to the church in its advanced movements, our answer would spell "half truths and glittering generalities," in the utterances of those whose positions in the church give weight to what they say or write.

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## HOW TO UTILIZE THE MEN OF OUR CHURCHES.

We have been impressed during the past month as we have read the many letters which came to us from pastors interested in the "how" of church work, with the number who seem specially concerned to know how the

men may be organized for efficient work. In a letter before us an earnest pastor who is an enthusiastic friend of this department, says: "You tell us how to reach the children, how to organize the young people, how to put the women to work, but rarely do we see any reference to our men. Give us something on that subject in your next."

We find in our "Methods Repository" the following description of the plan for organizing the men of his church, successfully operated by Rev. R. A. George. The plan and scope of the work as he represents and discusses it will, we think, commend itself to our readers. He says:

"Beyond holding a few offices and paying the bills, and running the prayer meeting, the men of the church have a small place in the average congregation. It is a common saying that, if it were not for the women and the young people, the most of the churches would be compelled to close up.

"Why this? It is not because the men are not religious, or because they are too busy down town, or because they have no interest in church matters. The men are the most sadly neglected people we have in the church. The women are organized into their guilds and aid and missionary societies, the young people into their Endeavor societies, and the children into Sunday schools and bands and junior organizations; but the men, the very people who cannot only talk, but act and count at the ballot-box, are not organized. Every man has been left to himself to skirmish around as best he could. It has occurred to one pastor that this is wrong, and a waste of energy, and he has brought the men of his church together into what is known as a "Men's League."

"The League meets twice a month, and already most of the men of the church are members and greatly interested. The young men are especially urged to identify themselves with the organization. The constitution provides that all men from 14 years of age upward may become members of the organization. The membership is not confiend to the membership of the church. Any person in the community may unite, provided that he is recommended by two members of the league. The purpose of the league is threefold.

"First, to benifit the church. Since the organization of the league the men have begun to take an interest in all church matters. They are beginning to think that they can do something on their own account, instead of leaving it all to the women and young people. They have arranged for a series of lectures and entertainments during the winter. They have undertaken to pay for a certain portion of the lot for the new church building. They are planning to take charge of the evening service, and to help the pastor in making it one of the best services of the Sabbath. They are ready to take hold with both hands of any good work that may come their way.

"The second purpose of their organization is to help the community, and to work especially for a reform in municipal affairs. They propose as far as they can to work for a revival of civic patriotism. When men present themselves as candidates for office, it is proposed to find out who those men are, instead of voting blindly as in most cases, and then voting as a unit for the nomination of men who are in sympathy with law and the enforcement of law, not leaving the bum element to nominate our candidates, but to fight this thing out first at the caucus and primaries.

"Since the formation of the league, a new interest has come to the men of the church in regard to municipal affairs. The matter has been taken up in a public meeting and discussed at length. When it comes to the primaries, the men of one of the churches of Cleveland can be depended upon to do their duty regardless of party.

"The third purpose of the league is to benefit the individual members socially, intellectually and spiritually. The organization meets twice a month and it brings the men of the church together in a delightful way. Topics of live interest are discussed, often opened by prominent men of the city, who are authorities in the matter. Books are reviewed, and the mind is stimulated, and the members are greatly profited.

"Already a number of churches of Cleveland are organizing along the same line, and possibly after awhile an attempt will be made to form a union of 'Men's Leagues' similar to the Endeavor Union. It would certainly be a forward step if all the men of the churches would organize and stand together. As it is now, they have no voice, except as individuals. But in these days, when sin is organized, one of the greatest mistakes that the church is making is her failure to utilize the power that lies in these Christian men. Organized wickedness must be met with organized righteousness.

"These Christian men must stand together if our American cities are to be redeemed out of the hands of the spoilers. It is time that Christian men take a hand in politics. While we have been talking about the forgiveness of sin, and dwelling on the love of God, the 'boss' has been packing the caucus, polluting the ballot-box, filling his pockets with the spoils of office, and, for a bribe, allowing high-handed wickedness to go unpunished.

"The time is ripe for men of all churches to stand together for God and Home and Native Land."

## A MOST EXCELLENT METHOD FOR RAISING MISSIONARY OR OTHER COLLECTIONS.

Since in most churches the responsibility for securing funds for the missionary and other interests of the church at large, devolves in large measure upon the pastor, the following excellent plans will prove of interest to our readers.

If any fair proportion of the membership of a church contributes to its various benevolent causes, some method must be adopted by which every member is reached and provision made that each individual may contribute, whether the amount be great or small.

The prevailing custom of an appeal from the pulpit and a public collection, aside from the objections which obtain against all "auction methods," often fails, because at no one

service can a pastor hope to have his entire membership.

The plan of division and subdivision and apportionment which obtains in most churches through their General Boards, would suggest that the same method obtain until the source of supply—the member—is reached. To illustrate: A General Missionary Board meets and decides that a certain sum is needed to carry on the missionary work of the church. This sum is then pro-rated to the conferences or state conventions, or synods. These bodies then assess the churches, and so far all is well. Now the plan breaks down right at the point of contact with the givers. Our idea is this: That the responsibility is upon the pastor to do for each individual member what the "Board" has already done for the church, and bring to his attention the fact that he is expected to contribute, as he may be able, to the extension of the kingdom.

## HOW ONE PASTOR INCREASED THE INTEREST IN HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The brief reference we made in March Current Anecdotes to some modern methods of Sunday School work, has brought us the largest number of requests for "more light" than we have received from any suggestion ever made in this department. It is, as we thought, very many of our pastors are much concerned for the welfare of their Sunday Schools, and unless overruled by our editor in chief we shall devote some of our space to the discussion of twentieth century methods of Sunday School work.

Rev. Dr. A. H. Rennie, pastor Glenmore Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us the following brief statement of how he organized his teaching force and the results:

"Facing the fact that a large percentage, averaging from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent., rarely look into the Sabbath School lesson from one Sabbath to the other, thus necessitating the time for real Bible-seed sowing to thirty minutes a week. We have problemized on the question how to more effectually bring the Sabbath School lessons and the Bible in contact with the scholar. We have organized at the close of the Wednesday evening prayer and praise service (lasting from 8 to 8:45 p. m.) a teacher's Bible class, open to all, from 8:45 to 9:15 p. m. This has met with strong endorsement and the interest manifested is very apparent. We want in our school enthused teachers filled with the spirit of the lesson they are expecting to teach on the coming Sabbath. An enthused teacher is better qualified to enthuse a scholar than one who is not. The next step has been to make every parent (as far as possible) a member of a Home department, furnishing them with Home Department Quarterlies, etc., thus bringing a third factor into action. First, the scholar; second, the teacher; third, the parents. The next step to be taken is the following up of the line of training with a definite purpose, viz: to plant the scholar's feet in the courts of the Lord's house, a "tree of righteousness." Two avenues are used to this end: First, a monthly appeal in the Sabbath School for decision on the part of the scholar, using the lesson of the month just studied as the basis of thought for decision; second, the Junior Christian Endeavor Society, which meets on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock (we number 83), and the Senior Society, or Young People's Society, which meets Sabbath evenings from 6:45 to 7:45 p. m.

Whatever organization is at work in connection with the church, the one leading thought should be, and our line of training is to that end, to save souls, add to the Church of Jesus Christ as of old daily, and thus build for eternity."

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A movement is on foot to secure a postal currency. It proposes to have reprinted all $1, $2, and $5 Treasury notes, coin or silver certificates now in circulation, and have the faces of the new bills provided with blank lines. This would be the ordinary money of the day. Then, when one wishes to send money by mail, say $2, he takes such a bill from his pocket, writes on its face the name of the person or firm to whom it is to go, the city and State, and affixes a two-cent stamp in the square indicated (on-cent stamp for fractional bills), canceling the stamp with his initials and date, and signs his name on back. The bill which previously was negotiable money, is instantly transformed into a personal check on the United States Government for $2, as safe for transmission as any bank check. This is enclosed in a letter to the person or firm desired, and can be collected by the receiver upon identification at the post-office named." We regard this as a most important step in the right direction. If consummated, the plan will greatly facilitate the transmission of small amounts through the mails with perfect safety, which will be a great convenience to the masses. We hope Congress will speedily give the measure its sanction.

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"Take up the white man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The road ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.
" Take up the white man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah slowly) toward the light;
'Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?'

* * *

"Mamma," said the little girl, her eyes wide with excitment, "I do believe the minister told a story!"

"Why, the idea!" said her mother. "You don't know what you are saying."

"But, I do, mamma. I heard papa ask him how long he had worn chin whiskers, and he said he had worn them all his life."—Indianapolis Press.

## Religious Review of Reviews.

Conducted by J. NEWTON BROWN.

The Chautauqua assembly will seem more like itself, this year, with Bishop Vincent back at his old place. He is expected to return from Switzerland in July.

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Another great gift to education was made by the will of Cecil Rhodes. He left $25,000,000, whose income is to be used in helping students at Oxford. American students, as well as others, are entitled to receive aid from this fund.

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The gathering in Toronto of some 28,000 representatives of the "student missionary movement" has been called "the greatest student convention in history." And such enthusiasm as these young people have for "the evangelization of the world in this generation" will very soon be making history.

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By preventing the threatened strike in the Pennsylvania coal mines the National Civic Federation has begun to show its strength. Made up so largely of prominent capitalists and officers of labor unions and Christian ministers, it ought to be a very efficient organization.

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When Ex-President Harrison, in a public address, warned men of wealth against the danger of trying to escape from paying their share of the taxes, he spoke as a Christian statesman. The mayor of New York city has gone a step further in the same direction. He has asked of the assessors the privilege of paying $57,000 more of taxes than they put down for him. This is what comes of electing an eminent Christian for mayor.

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The liquor interest will never forgive President Roosevelt for appointing to a place in his cabinet a man who prosecuted the Lawrence councilmen that received money for licensing saloons until he put them behind the bars. By such acts the President exerts an influence for righteousness, whose value to the nation no man can estimate.

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Some churches in New York city are setting an excellent example in paying their large debts. The Methodists of the metropolis are raising this year some $350,000 for this purpose and for new buildings. The Presbyterians there are raising a little more than this. And the Episcopalians have undertaken to raise $2,000,000 for debts, endowments and church extension.

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Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, principal of the Academy of Northwestern University, found that out of 300 academy boys 22 per cent. were using tobacco, but of the 75 having the best scholarship only three per cent. used the weed. These and similar facts led him to ask the boys to quit smoking cigarettes or leave school. They decided to quit smoking.

By the burning of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Ira D. Sankey, who was a guest there, lost his manuscript of The Story of the Hymns, which was nearly ready for the press. He has been giving in various cities an address on The Memories of Moody, which has been the means of awakening unusual religious interest.

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A more humane spirit than we used to see is beginning to appear among the employers of labor. A St. Louis street railway company has adopted the plan of employing its aged men at light work without decreasing their wages. Following the example of the Pennsylvania and Illinois steam railway systems, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, which employs 15,000 men, has decided to pension those of its employees who have been in its service twenty-five years, or who have reached the age of sixty-five and wish to retire.

* * *

If you are one of those who believe that almost everybody is selfish, read this incident, reported by Herman Hapgood of Philadelphia. A year ago a little boy was so badly burned that, to save his life, it seemed necessary to cover a part of his body with skin cut from the bodies of others. More than five hundred pieces of skin were used in this way, and his father said that enough was offered "to cover the side of a house."

* * *

After eight years of agitation in Ohio, local option has won. Under the new municipal option law the power to prohibit liquor saloons passes from the town and city council to the whole people. The question of prohibition will be decided, whenever 40 per cent. of the voters petition for this, at a special election. Where the sale of liquor is prohibited this will be done, not as heretofore by a variety of ordinances, many of which are weak or illegal, and none of which can be enforced by county officers, but by a general State law which both municipal and county officers can enforce, and whose enforcement can be easily looked after by the officers of the Anti-Saloon League. To this organization belongs a large share of the credit for securing the enactment of this excellent law.

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The newest thing in religious journalism is a "good cheer number," and the credit for introducing it belongs to The Congregationalist. The eminent writers who contribute to the symposium, in that paper, on "The Optimists and their Reasons for the Faith that is in Them," have much to say of the connection between optimism and religion.

Says Dr. Edward Everett Hale: If one will "look up into the infinite universe of God, instead of looking down into his own footprints in the mud, I think he will grow into the hope of a consistent optimism."

Pres. John Henry Barrows: "Christianity is gaining control over mankind, and observation shows that in Christian lands the law of life and progress is the predominant law. The men who are most earnest, devoted and useful are usually confirmed optimists, and I love to be in their company."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke: "A consistent religion is at the foundation of all optimism."

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer: "No one can be permanently hopeful who merely looks on at life, criticizing those who work. To see clearly the tragedies and to spend self in trying to save makes an optimist."

Prof. Francis G. Peabody: "He that loses his life for others' sakes will find his own life worth the living. The renaissance of philanthropy which our time is witnessing is the forerunner of a renaissance of faith."

Edwin D. Mead: "I am full of hope for the life of the world because I believe in God. This world is God's world. Good cheer is possible in this world to men who believe that God's other name is Justice. And the lesson of history is the lesson of hope."

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Several revivals and religious awakenings are reported this month. Ever since the beginning of the year there has been an unusual degree of religious interest at Mr. Moody's Mt. Hermon School for Young Men. Of the 425 students nearly all are now enrolled as Christians.

In Tucson, Arizona, where Mr. Moody labored several months during the last year of his life, Rev. Merton Smith has been conducting a series of revival meetings with an attendance, from night to night, of over a thousand, and with many conversions.

In the Catholic town of Treignac, France, the preaching of two Protestant missionaries has drawn such crowds and awakened such interest that the Catholic authorities are alarmed and a notice is posted asking prayers "for a whole region of France on the point of going over to Protestantism."

The simultaneous evangelistic meetings, many of them out of doors, held in the winter by the churches of Sydney, New South Wales, were so very fuitful that the work has continued on the same lines in other cities and towns, and this month it will be extended to the surrounding country districts. Yet it was not long ago that we were reading in the papers about "the passing of the revival."

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On the 20th of this month the people of Cuba will take their place among the nations of the world and begin their career as a republic. Although in some respects they are poorly prepared for their new responsibilities, there are several things which make their situation hopeful. They are fortunate in having as their first President a man of such wisdom and patriotism as General Estrada Palma and especially in having a man in that office who has lived eighteen years in the United States and who is a devoted friend of the American people. This will make it possible for America to do much for Cuba. President Palma, who had a school of his own while in this country, realizes the necessity of education for his people. And at the beginning of his administration he will find upon the island the system of free public schools which our government put there.

He will not find as much financial prosperity as he would like to see, but perhaps this fact will make it easier to restrain his people from any rash acts to which their lack of experience in self-government might expose them.

But the best thing he will find in Cuba is the gospel which our missionaries have taken there. Not long ago a conference of these Christian workers was held in which denominational lines were forgotten and wise plans were made for co-operation in bringing the largest spiritual blessing to the greatest number of people. One of these missionaries says of the Cubans: "These people are tired of empty forms and a very low type of morals They are won by a simple, spiritual worship and the pure lives of the evangelical Christians. There is probably no part of the world today where the door stands so invitingly open for mission work."

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One of Mr. Moody's sons, Paul D. Moody, who is spending the year in Great Britain, writes of a beautiful custom over there, which may be seen at the close of every church service. "After the benediction has been pronounced all present engage in a moment of silent prayer. This does more to impress upon the worshipper's mind the spirit of the day and place than any other part of the service. Rising thus from silent prayer the congregation cannot but disperse solemnly, and no talking in the aisles dissipates the effects of the service." What would you think of the wisdom of transplanting this custom to America?

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It is probable that the revised version of the English Bible will be issued soon by the American Bible Society. This society has seemed very conservative in confining itself to the publication of the old version so long. Perhaps it was waiting for the appearance of that best of all English versions which was put forth, a few months ago, by the American committee. At length the versions committee of the Bible Society has followed the precedent of the British Bible Society and has unanimously recommended such change in the constitution as will allow the Society to publish the revised version.

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"What Church Federation has done for Hartford" is shown in an excellent article by Rev. Cornelius G. Bristol in the Sunday School Times. He maintains that "for every five dollars expended for the prosecution of moral and religious work along individual lines, the same results might be obtained by the expenditure of one dollar with more federated and concerted action; that hundreds of

families in our large cities are unchurched and unvisited, because no one of the score of ministers who pass by their doors 'has them on his list,' or knows of their existence;" and that violations of the law and public nuisances are suffered "because it is no one's duty to look after those whose business it is to attend to" these things.

The federation of the churches in Hartford, Conn., is not a mere ministers' union. It has the active co-operation of the leading laymen of the city, who are elected by their several churches to membership in this organization. The city is divided into districts for the more efficient handling of the local work. In the central district, embracing ten congregations, a thorough canvass was made by the agent of the Bible Society, the expenses being met by the churches. The federation has succeeded in getting indecent pictures removed from the bill-boards of the city, and with them have gone the Sunday concerts at theaters and public gardens. The policy of the organization is not to antagonize the city officials, but to reason with them and support them in every good work. Mr. Bristol thinks that "perhaps the best result that has thus far been attained by the Church Federation in this city is the establishment of a better relation and feeling between the officials and the religious workers."

* * *

Newman Hall is dead! Thirty years ago his name was a household word in America. I remember well the only sermon I ever heard him preach. It was on the words of the thief dying on the cross. It was simple, natural, earnest. It illustrated what is said of this great London preacher, that "his theology was the theology of Calvary." That was in 1867, when he visited this country to raise money for Lincoln tower. He was then building Christ Church, where since he resigned ten years ago, Rev. F. B. Meyer has been the pastor. Lincoln tower is a part of this church. I remember the plea he made, that it would bring Americans and Englishmen nearer together to unite in building on British soil a tower to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. So he wished Americans to contribute half the cost of the tower, which they did, the whole cost being $35,000. He was endeavoring to promote that cordial feeling between the two countries which he lived to see.

He had shown himself such a friend of the Union during the war that he received a national welcome. When even Gladstone cast his great influence on the side of the Confederacy, in a single week Newman Hall spoke for the Union cause in five English cities. He was called upon to offer prayer at the opening of Congress, and at the invitation of Speaker Colfax he preached in the House of Representatives on Sunday. In New York business was suspended at the Stock Exchange to hear an address from him.

Through his pastoral service of fifty years his ministry was abundantly fruitful in spiritual results. Preaching Christ was his master passion. Often he preached six days in the week. And like his friend, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, he preached a great deal through the printed page. I suppose he will be remembered most for one tract that he wrote which has been translated into forty languages and has had a circulation of four million copies—his invitation to "Come to Jesus." It is a singular coincidence, and perhaps more than this, that his father, John Vine Hall, wrote a booklet, "The Sinner's Friend," which had a circulation of three millions and was translated into thirty languages.

Newman Hall's famous tract furnishes an illustration of the good which God sometimes brings out of a man's sickness. Early in his ministry, when laid aside from pastoral work through sickness, he longed to send forth a message which should win hearts to Christ. Hearing a company of Primitive Methodists singing along the street a hymn with the refrain "Come to Jesus," the subject of his tract was suggested to him.

His life had a fitting close. When he resigned his pastoral charge he continued his ministry as an evangelist until near the time of his home-going. In a letter to his old friend, Dr. Cuyler, written just before the end, he said: "I really begin to think that I am not far away from my heavenly home. Oh, the blessed and assured hope! 'I know whom I have believed'—the Person Himself, the Friend of sixty years, intimately, experimentally, continuously, in storm as well as in calm, upholding, reproving and consoling me! . . My faith is fixed in Jesus."

* * *

In some things the Japanese seem to be getting ahead of us. A Christian daily newspaper is to be started in Tokyo by Rev. Unkichi Kawai of that city, who lately visited Topeka to confer with Rev. C. M. Sheldon and get his ideas in regard to such an enterprise. In explanation of his purpose he says: "We desire to reach the multitudes with the gospel. Many are giving up their heathen religions, and thus are drifting into free-thinking and infidelity. They do not come to church, and therefore do not hear the gospel. We have been looking for some powerful agency to assist us in the spread of Christianity, so as to reach those who are untouched by the church. Some of us read Mr. Sheldon's 'In His Steps,' which has been translated into the Japanese language; and we feel that a Christian daily newspaper would be a splendid help in our work. In Tokyo, with a population of several millions, there are fifty daily papers, four of which are in English, and many of them are as bad as some of yours in America." Mr. Kawai has as associates in this undertaking some of the leading Christian men of Japan and a considerable sum of money has been pledged to its support.

* * *

In these days of swift communication and international sympathy it is natural for philanthropists to "dream dreams" and "see visions" of world-wide movements for the betterment of the human race. Rev. S. M. Johnson of Chicago has seen such a vision and the name he has given to it is the "World-League for Christian Patriotism." This league is to consist of those in every country who can be persuaded

to wear as a button a certain patriotic and Christian emblem devised by Mr. Johnson, "that hallows the flag and points to Christianity as the sure cure of every crime and sin." This emblem is simply the flag of the country and a Christian flag of a new pattern. The wearing of this emblem is expected "to stimulate, aid and unify movements for Christian patriotism." The author believes that "here is a simple plan by which all Christian hearts may emphasize their essential unity and bring the power of their combined influence to bear upon the spirit of lawlessness in every form." A very beautiful dream.

* * *

The eminence of Professor William Newton Clarke of Colgate University, as a theologian, gives weight to this utterance of his which appears in the Bibliotheca Sacra: "The vital issue of our day is whether religion has a legitimate and effective hold on existence. Have we a right to religion? and if we have a right to it, can we keep it alive? Compared with this great issue the current questions in theology are but minor matters, and the points on which Christian denominations are divided are almost infinitisimal."

The address in which he expressed this view was listened to with great interest at Oberlin. In it he compared the lives of Huxley and Phillips Brooks, reaching this conclusion: "If all men thought as Huxley thought, no man could ever live as Brooks lived. Brooks's faith had room for the science which was Huxley's life, but Huxley's agnosticism would utterly paralyze the religious action in which Brooks had his very being. It certainly seems more probable that Huxley was living without his birthright, than that Brooks and all his kind are really and properly impossible.

* * *

There is nothing else in this country like the annual conference of colored people at Tuskegee, unless it be one of the affiliated conferences whereby the suggestions and the spirit of the larger gathering are carried to the colored people all over the State of Alabama. This year twenty-three States were represented at Tuskegee and the number attending the conference was fully 2,000. At one session those who had become owners of land told how they obtained it, some of their accounts showing great perseverance. Professor Calloway from Africa was present to give an encouraging account of the beginning made there in raising cotton by the young men who went there for this purpose two years ago, and to bring the conference the "greetings of the mother country." This comparing of views upon the progress and needs of their race from year to year by so many colored people, and the receiving of suggestions and inspiration from the foremost among them, especially from their statesman leader, Booker T. Washington, have an educational value which can scarcely be estimated.

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# BANKS' SERMONS.

## The Nameless Heroes of Earth.

"Women . . . . . and others . . . . . of whom the world was not worthy." Hebrews XI, 35, 36, 38.

The writer of this roll call of heroes seemingly starts out to make a roster of all the heroic souls who have been faithful to God in their day and time throughout the years. But after calling seventeen names he evidently loses heart for other names crowd upon the memory, and he sees how impossible it is to name all the rare and glorious spirits, whose courage and faith have shone forth along the path of human history. And so he gives it up by adding a splendid tribute to the nameless multitude—men and women whose lives were as splendid, and whose deeds were as heroic as those whom he has mentioned, but whose very names are unknown to the pages of history. He gives us to understand that for every name mentioned in the Bible record there were many others who were just as true and splendid in every way, whose names we know not.

Enoch we know about, but other men in those far-off days in the morning twilight of the world, walked not the dusty highway alone, but as did Enoch, they walked with God, and their lives were sweet and beautiful. They did men good and not harm; the world was the better because they lived. They were dear to God, and they have been rejoicing in heaven for thousands of years, but no record of earth has ever held their names.

Abraham we know, but to how many other tents in the desert and in the wilderness, heavenly visitors came we cannot tell. No doubt there were others, and many of them, to whom God was a welcome guest, and whose feet were nimble, and whose hearts were as full of welcome to greet angel's visits, as were those of the man who because of his conspicuous position came to be known to all the East, and indeed until this day, as the "Friend of God."

Moses we have, but we need not doubt that many another shepherd who followed his flocks around the green slopes of Mount Horeb, saw God in the stars, and greeted him in the changing seasons, caught glimpses of his shepherd love, and opened his heart to commune with him. God spoke to Moses out of the burning bush, but no doubt many another shepherd youth found God in the pastures and fields, and had his heart illuminated by his presence.

We are told of Miriam leading the grand chorus on the shores of the Red Sea, chanting praise to God for his great deliverance from Pharaoh and his mighty army, but we may be sure that Miriam was not alone in her song. She was only the leading voice. Little music could she have made as a soloist in competition with the raging of the sea. No, indeed. There were thousands of sweet singers in that choir, how many thousands we will not know until we hear them sing in the choirs of heaven.

We are always tempted to think that heroism is dying out of the world, and that genuine goodness is rarer than in some other age. That is an old temptation hoary with white hairs. When Elijah had fled from Jezebel that was his excuse to God. He told the Lord he was the only true man left in the land, and his enemies were hot after him. The dear old man really believed that he was the only good and brave soul left on earth. Goodness was going to die with him. But the Lord astonished him by telling him that he had seven thousand that were just as good as he was and indeed a little better, for they had not given up to panic, nor fled from their duty. So people are often tempted now to believe that their neighbors, and humanity generally, have lost all the elements of goodness and courage, and that there are no truly heroic spirits. In such a mood we feel like the old Scotchman who said about the rest of the kirk to which he belonged, "They are all queer but Janet, and she's a little queer."

The great bulk of the world's work is done by faithful souls who are the quiet, but reliable background for the brilliant names that move in history. Elijah would be an impossibility without the nameless seven thousand which God holds in reserve. These seven thousand unknown heroes are the soil out of which the Elijah grows.

A David does not spring full grown out of the hill country with psalms on his lips from a heathen family. Ah, no, indeed. A David is born in a family where, for generations, quiet, faithful men and women have loved God and prayed to him. His ancestors are men and women who have seen God in the storms, in the rising of the sun, in the glory of the sunset, in the coming of the springtime, in the fullness of the harvest. They have not known how to sing about it; they have had no eloquence of speech, but they have brooded over the world of beauty in which God reveals himself. It is out out of a home like that, a house where prophets were entertained, a home of reverence and love, where worship and singing were in the blood, that the young David comes to be the singer, not of his own people only, but the religious poet for all the world, for all time. David is the man we see, and the man we hear sing, but the hills are full of men like David who never sang. There could have been no David without them; these other men, the shepherds of the hills, who loved and worshipped God, but whose psalms were all in their hearts, and knew not how to get onto their tongues and make music. Without these silent reserves there could have been no David.

The same lesson is taught in every chapter of human history. You take up any epoch in the record of the building up of American civilization, and the dozen names or so that history treasures are only samples of the multitude like them who, with equal courage, and faith, struggled and conquered, or if they failed, added their life force to the onward pushing of the ideals which were dear to them.

Edward Everett Hale sing this sublime truth in regard to New England, with great clearness and graphic force in a poem entitled, "The Nameless Saints."

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
Dragged from the soil
With horrid toil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side,
And at the end, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame.
He lived,—he died,—I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands,
Builded by his hardened hands;
Only ten thousand homes,
Where, every day,
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monument, and these alone:
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rock for me to break;
Some handful of thy corn to take
And scatter far a-field,
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundred-fold
Of grains of gold,
To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me!
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful souls.

Joaquin Miller, writing of the Crossing of The Plains to the Pacific Coast by the early Argonauts and the multitude who never lived to see the end of that long journey, but who, like Abraham, and the early patriarchs died without seeing the Promised Land, says:

"My brave and unremembered heroes rest.
You fell in silence, silent lie and sleep
Along the line you blazoned white with bones."

But that long white line of bleeching bones is a part of the victory of civilization, and enters into every triumph won in that new land.

The battle-fields of the Republic tell the same story. We have a handful of names of generals and officers who led, and on whom history has set her seal. But battles were won after all by the thousands of loyal private soldiers whose names we know not. The poet can sing of Sheridan's Ride from Winchester, and the gallant turning of defeat into victory. But those unsung heroes who stilled the panic of their own hearts, and turned on their pursuers, falling forward, "face front" on the field to rise no more, they were the real stuff out of which the great victory was woven.

Our common life is carried on in that way today. I never go travelling on the railroad but I think of the switchmen, and the engineers, and brakemen, and conductors on whom my life depends, but who are largely unknown to me. And yet my life, and that of the train load of fellow passengers hangs on the fidelity and devotion to duty with which these unknown men perform thir work. While the business world sleeps in a great city, thousands of unknown men, whose names never appear in the public journals, are faithfully working to keep the city clean and safe and healthy. None of us are independent, no matter how rich or how strong in this complex modern life. For the purity of our water supply, for the cleanliness of our streets, for our personal safety in a hundred ways, we are depending upon multitudes of people whose names are unknown to us.

Some years ago in London when the dockers' strike brought the mightiest city in the world to the verge of paralysis and starvation, the eyes of the world were opened as they had never been, to see that amid the smoothness and regularity of the feeding of the great city how vast and necessary a service was being rendered by an obscure class of men. And so the tying up of any one great department of labor among the toiling multitudes would show us in a few days, and often in a few hours how utterly dependent we are upon one another, and how the comfort of all depends upon the faithfulness, and often the heroic self-sacrifice of the lowliest and most unknown of men.

The great purpose of life by which it must be judged is not its prominence but its usefulness. There is where we need to ask ourselves serious questions. Are we living lives which God can use to bless the world? Are we growing to be more used of God in blessing others as the years go on. No matter whether men see us and give us credit or not, so long as we are really doing good. For every flower whose beauty is admired by human eye, ten thousand blossoms "are born to blush unseen" save by the eye of God. But it is not true that they "waste their sweetness on the desert air." They add their sweetness to the world's stock of fragrance—the great reserve fund of health and strength of the atmosphere which keeps the world alive. It is not so much where I shine, so that I shine. Not so much where I exhale my little breath of perfume of hope and faith and love as that wherever it is it has the heavenly quality. God will take care that it does not go to waste.

Though we may be nameless in history as men count it, there is one who knows all our names, and there is a register where every faithful name is kept. As in an army, the public applause is for the few, there is yet a register in which every private soldier's record is kept. so there is a book of life in heaven. God grant that we may stand well there. Jesus said to his friends, and through them to us: "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven."

# Memorial Day Address.

By REV. A. E. CRAIG.

[After examining some twenty Memorial Day addresses, we find the following, by Rev. A. E. Craig, Ottumwa, Ia., delivered last Memorial day, to be most inspiring to those who are preparing similar addresses. The illustrative paragraphs are indicated.]

With a great sum obtained I this freedom. —Acts 22-28.

At the beginning of the war true and loyal hearts used to sing:

"Brave boys are they gone at their country's call
And yet, and yet we cannot forget, that many brave boys must fall."

The prophecy was fulfilled. That splendid gala throng that went forth in sixty-one, with flying colors, youthful hearts filled with romance, adventure, and patriotism, presented quite another picture in sixty-five as they proudly marched home again with colors still flying, but dusty in garment and sad of heart, for many of their brave companions had been left in the trenches, never to repeat the story of their valor to those who gathered around the fireside to hear of those thrilling events. As I saw your depleted ranks coming up the aisle this afternoon and then ran back in thought to that thrilling scene I could not but think of that classic of Joseph Addison the

"VISION OF MIRZA."

He represents humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge of four and twenty arches. The bridge was set with numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly opened ever and anon letting the unwary passenger drop through until towards the farther end of the span but few remained to pass the last arches. So year by year as you gather in these services your ranks grow thinner. your own steps grow less certain, your forms have just a little greater stoop. It will not be long till you have come to the last arch, and none of your number will be left to view the scene. We cannot help but ask what then? Will these memorial days pass into the limbo of oblivion, will the grand tale of your heroism no longer be repeated to the generations following? Far be the thought. Let me assure you that your graves and your memories alike will be kept green. This afternoon we witnessed another line of young men with strong tread, manly vigor, and kindly reverence. The organization of the Sons of Veterans is prophecy that your graves and your memories alike will be kept green. This day will still be sacred and flowers, fresh flowers will be brought by your children and your children's children to strew upon the mounds, and the hour will be made instructive by rich lessons of patriotism drawn from your excellent examples. You will all have a monument. I was deeply affected while riding through the national cemetery at Chattanooga to observe the many thousands lying in graves marked "unknown." The nation did its best to honor those memories. I rejoice to see the care with which our nation preserves these national cemeteries. But if perishable brass or marble were the only monument to be erected to your cause I would fear that the tooth of time might gnaw and the waste of years might crumble it. But a more enduring monument is yours. Long after the noble shaft on Bunker Hill will have crumbled to the earth, the Fourth of July will abide as a monument to the cause so nobly maintained by our fathers of the Revolution. So long after any architectural monument will have perished this memorial day will remain a perpetual monument to your deeds. It will not dim the luster of your greatness if your sons do deeds of noble valor on other fields to warrant their claim to a share in the sacred devotion of this day with you. Your claim will always be paramount. It is almost staggering to count the hundreds of thousands that fell in the great civil war, when we set that in contrast to the wars that have been fought either before or since. It is your proud distinction to have been participants in the mightiest conflict that has ever shaken this trembling earth under the shock of battle.

The texts suggest to us the great price that freedom in all ages has cost. Dwellers amidst the sublimest of nature's scenery may become inured to its splendors till it cease to stir an emotion of sublimity by its grandeur. So we may be so accustomed to our free institutions as to quite forget the distance between our liberties and the thraldom of the past, and to be unmindful of the sacrifices that have secured us these blessings. Occasionally we see some narrow soul rising up to measure the cost of war in mere dollars hard and cold." Well has one said: "Civilization is a tree nourished not by rain and snow, but by the tears and blood of patriots and prophets of yesterday." If we consider the beneficent institutions under which we live we will find they have been purchased by a very great cost. By way of illustration you may trace the perfecting of the round globe on which we live and you will find it reveals a myriad form of death. Every coral reef that breaks the requiem of the Pacific waves sings a dirge of death. Every bed of coal speaks of forests in decay. Every rich alluvial deposit means the giving up of life that others might live. Tennyson says: "Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." We find also that we may rise on our dead ancestors, our dead patriots to the higher things of our civic life. This is emphatically true of the freedom that we enjoy today. It has been purchased at a very great price, and deserves to be cherished as a very sacred boon. To see clearly the meaning of this freedom we need to lay beside it as a foil the past when man was a victim and a vassal, when man as man had no rights that his oppressor was bound to observe. There was a day when right did not make might, but when might made right. Liberty of action, speech, or even thought was unknown. All lips were padlocked. To criticise the baron meant the confiscation of the lands of the peasant. To criticise the church meant the dungeon. To criticise the king meant the headsman's axe. Slavery was a universal institution—the world showing more in bondage than in freedom. Serfdom was a fixed social order, the peasant

being only the chattle of the soil. The franchise was the exclusive prerogative of the privileged classes. The many were but the tools of the few, to be used in war or peace as suited the caprice of the lordling.

THE WORK OF CHRIST.

Let us note some points of light in this great emancipation. We must not fail to recognize the place and work of him who gave himself that freedom should be possible, and to remember that the basis of all freedom is in the truth, for "whom the Son makes free, he shall be free indeed." We have become so accustomed to study the life and work of our Lord Jesus Christ purely from a religious point of view that it becomes barely possible that we overlook Jesus the social reformer. But let us realize that his doctrines of the equality of man were as an electric shock to his generation and sent a thrill of horror through the complacency of those ancient systems. Without minifying the spiritual aspects of his death we may frankly admit that it was political and social hate that goaded on his defamers more than anything else. Thus we see his white soul after walking through a world ablaze with scorn offered up as a sacrifice for humanity in the broadest sense. As we trace his teachings we observe that while he did not assume the role of a demagogue, or attempt the work of an iconoclast, or even pose as the peculiar advocate of the rights of the common people, or even say a direct word in condemnation of the vice of slavery, he did give the genesis of those ideas that have wrought an absolute change in the social and political order.

But the world is conservative, and social progress was slow. For centuries fetters lay upon the conscience, and shackles festered in the limbs of suffering society. Passing into the

MIDDLE AGES

we see the feudal lord assume sole prerogative and hold in humble servience the great rank of his retainers. We look into the church and find a supreme head chosen to do all the thinking, while the many blindly followed. But the leaven was at work. For a long time subterranean fires may slumber, but sooner or later the flame will burst. So the fires of liberty burst out in unexpected times and places. Now it is in England that a tyrannical prince is compelled to surrender to his irate barons in the field of Runnymede and the great charter is granted to the English people which declares "To no man will we sell, deny, or delay right of justice." Now it is in Florence that a priest fuses to a white heat and Savonarola proclaims against the abuses of his day. Now it is Hus of Prague that lifts a voice from the wilderness. True the price was paid. Fires kindled on public squares consumed their feeble frame but their voices, their influences could not be so easily stifled, their soul went marching on through the centuries. Had we the time we might dwell upon the work of that great reformer, Luther, in the interest of freedom. But we must stop in passing long enough to pay our tribute to that sturdy English squire, Oliver Cromwell. I wonder if we as Americans have sufficiently weighed the work of that true British stalwart who did not hesitate to beard the tyrant in his den, and to throttle the oppressor though he be a princelet in a palace. No doughtier blows were ever dealt to that abominable doctrine of the divine right of kings than Cromwell measured out. He was the embodiment of the spirit of Puritanism, so grim, yet so glorious that in later days flowered on our cold New England shores in the red blossom of the American Revolution. I am sure that our fathers called to deal with the imbecility of George III caught much of their inspiration from that country squire who did not hesitate to send Charles I to the block.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

We see another illustrious page in this chapter of freedom as we observe those brave souls who for conscience sake braved wintry climes and wrenched a scant subsistence from the inhospitable shores of New England. As you track their bleeding footprints upon the frosty shores in those early days of old colony life, you see something of the price of freedom. I need not refer you to the heroism of the men who left the plow for the flint musket and without any of the ordinary pomp or circumstance of war in grim earnestness faced the oppressor, and by sheer bravery wrenched from the hands of tyrants the heaven given boon of the right of self government. Did it cost? Look at Washington at Valley Forge and let silence be the eloquent reply.

But as I look into earnest faces before me, many of them furrowed with lines of privation and suffering I am reminded of another struggle for liberty of which you may say as old Caesar once did,

"ALL OF WHICH I SAW

and a part of which I was. Livy the Roman historian, tells us that by some convulsion of nature a piece of ground in the middle of the forum sank suddenly to an immense depth. The oracles were consulted and the response came that the Roman commonwealth could not be perpetuated unless the most valuable thing in the state should be cast into the opening. Marcus Curtius, considering that arms and bravery were the most valuable things to the country, dressed himself up in military costume, mounted a spirited charger, and in view of an immense concourse of his countrymen plunged into the chasm. Valerino Maximus says that at the reception of him the aperture closed. So a mighty convulsion shook this country, a yawning chasm gaped between the states, which could only be filled by the most precious thing the country had to offer. A great conflict was inevitable, which was to culminate in a crisis such as no other nation has ever been called upon to endure, one that was to shake the continent beneath the tread of a million armed men and to darken the fair shining of the sun with the smoke of more than a thousand battlefields. You could, more vividly than I, relate those hardships of war. You could tell how your manhood's courage was tramped into you by the long marches, rained into you by storm and tempest, starved into you by famine and pestilence, burned into you by fevers in the hospitals, blown into you by shot and

shell on the battlefields, driven into you by bayonets by hand to hand encounter. All of this was bad enough if it meant victory and triumph all along the line. But you doubtless recall the awful suspense of those days when the sacred issue of

FREEDOM WAS TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE.

You doubtless remember Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, defeat, disaster, discouragement. A price was paid for the glorious results. The more I think of that great struggle, the more I am appalled at its gigantic proportions. All other great conflicts of the centuries pale into insignificance when placed beside it. Wellington at Waterloo had in his command only about one-tenth of what Grant commanded. The line of battle was no less in proportion than a continent. The enemy you met were no half-civilized tribes. You remember the apt reply of Beecher when he faced that howling mob in Liverpool, who twitted the Americans for taking so long to put down the rebellion. His curt answer was: "We are fighting Americans." Man to man worthy of your best steel was each of them. Then, too, I think of the issue that was at stake. It was no mere court quarrel. It was not a trifling boundary of some distant province. It was nothing less than the great issue of freedom in which all humanity was interested. It was the question as to whether liberty was to be stifled, humanity outraged, the hand of progress turned back upon the dial plate of the universe, and a perpetual thraldom fastened upon all future generations. The world has moved so rapidly that it is with difficulty we realize the hold this gigantic institution had upon the thought and life of a generation ago. Beginning in feebleness, apologized for by everybody, felt at first to be a stain upon the fair escutcheon of this nation, it waxed into greatness, increased in power, extended in influence, till the whole south looked upon slavery as its peculiar institution. Laws were enacted in its defense, custom and society recognized it as the sine qua non of their recognized standing. But the volcano was only slumbering. A Dread-Scott decision and a John Brown's raid stirred the fires, till, like a cyclopean forge they intensified to a white heat. But while events were thus ripening what must have been the feeling of the negro during these days of suspense. Long had they prayed and hoped for freedom.

Their hopes and prayers were happily expressed by Whittier:

NEGRO'S HOPES.

"We pray de Lord he gib a sign,
Dat some day we be free,
De norf wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea,
We tink it when de church bell ring,
We dream it in de dream
De rice bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream."

We have become familiar with the story of privation, hardship and suffering upon the field of battle; who shall declare to us the more intense picture of woe in the executive mansion of the nation where throbbed that great, yearning, oppressed heart? If the responsibilities, worries and distractions of this high office in times of peace are so great, what must have been the crushing burdens that lay upon that great soul, coming into power in such a time as he did? The combustible southern nature is fired to the intensest flame of passion. The north is divided in sentiment, unsettled in policy, vacillating in purpose. He loved the south, that section of his birth, and now to see it go off into rebellion at the announcement of his election holding his name up to contumely, his authority to contempt, was enough to oppress less sensitive natures. There was the indifference of the north to be aroused, its sullen anger to be controlled, its inflammable enthusiasm to be guided, its myriad faultfinders to be placated, its rash advisers to be reasoned with. There was a depleted treasury to be filled; there were jealous foreign powers to be checked. Above all there was the army.

"This man was liberty's martyr, this man was humanity's friend."

SILENT SUFFERERS.

When we consider the great price of freedom we must not forget the noble part the wives, the mothers, the sisters, and others not sisters played at home. We read in ancient history that at the siege of Carthage the women cut off their flowing tresses from which to make bowstrings, saying, "Now drive the arrow to the heart of the foe." They were not truer than were the noble women of America during those anxious days of battle.

The Germans have a grand old legend in connection with the terrible battle of Chalons in the middle of the fifth century at which the combined forces of the Visigoths and Romans obtained a sanguinary triumph over the invading hordes of Attila. All day long the field resounded with clash of sword, swish of battle axe, and groan of dying men. At last the bloody work was done and the exhausted armies sank down for slumber under the shades of the night. But for three long nights —so ran the tale—the spirits of the slain might be discovered hovering over the scene of their late encounters and continuing the ruthless conflict in the air. It has been somewhat thus with this distracted country. The spirit of strife for a long time continued in the air, not by the spirits of the dead but by the spirits of the living the contest was continued. But we are glad to say a new day is dawning. As we see the gray of the morning melt into the blue of midday splendor, so have we lived to see the sons of those who wore the gray proudly and manfully don the blue and take their place under the old stars and stripes in a new cause of freedom. The peaceful, even triumphant trip of the nation's chief executive throughout the south midst a salvo of good will, is proof conclusive that the spirit of sectional hostility is almost passed away.

"No more shall the war-cry sever, or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever when they laurel the graves of the dead!
Under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue; tears and love for the gray."

# A GREAT COMBINATION.

**Oil and Gold Companies Join.**

Readers of Current Anecdotes are familiar with the Fremont Oil Company; many of them are stockholders. The company has just consolidated with the Vineta Gold Mining & Milling Co. (under the name below), and now offers an unparalleled opportunity to investors.

WHAT WE HAVE.

Four hundred acres of the choicest oil land in the high-grade paraffine oil district of Northern California; every acre available for oil; close to railway transportation; oil on both sides of us.

Sixty-five acres (10 claims) of rich gold lands in Colorado, in absolute ownership. Eight claims (about 40 acres) are in the famous Farncomb Hill District of Summit County, Colorado, and two large claims (about 25 acres) are in the Cripple Creek (Colo.) gold belt. The Summit County mines have been fully prospected, a 65-foot tunnel made and work is now being pushed on them. Samples of surface ore from the mines netted $24.15 of gold and silver to the ton. Our Cripple Creek property is as yet undeveloped, but it is well located and should prove very valuable.

EVERY SAFEGUARD FOR STOCKHOLDERS.

We own our properties and we do not owe a dollar. Not a share of "promoters' stock" has been nor will be issued. Conservative, honorable and business-like management of the company's affairs is assured. Our stock is fully paid and non-assessable and no personal liability attaches to stockholders. Every officer of the company who will have the handling of funds is bonded by the National Surety Company of New York. We have no "fiscal agents" to absorb from 50 to 80 per cent of the company's capital stock to "promote" it. The company has a good working capital. Every additional dollar received from the sale of stock will be used to swell our oil development fund and to pay for our new stamp mill and other improvements. Our Summit County mines lie between the mines and mills of the "Cashier" and "Hamilton" companies—close corporations whose stock is not for sale. Each company has a 20-stamp mill. In one week, recently, the former mill, run by only three men, produced 197 ounces of retort gold (besides 30 tons of concentrates) valued at about $5,000.

Our board of directors (eleven) are responsible men of unimpeachable reputations; two are members of the Rock River (Ill.) M. E. Conference. Our secretary is a prominent member of that Conference.

Write for prospectus.

**Fremont-Vineta Oil & Gold Mining Co.,**

**240 La Salle St., CHICAGO.**



# Deafness Cured

## By No Means Until "Actina" Was Discovered.

Ninety-five per cent of all cases of deafness brought to our attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed a cure is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of aurists or physicians to cure. Ear drums are worse than useless. It is folly, therefore, for deaf persons to hope for a cure by the old method of aurists and physicians, and instead of wasting precious time and money on methods that never have cured deafness or catarrh, they should awake to the times and apply the scientific cure. That there is a scientific cure for deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the use of Actina. The vapor current generated in the Actina passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions as it passes through the tubes and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the innner ear, making them respond to the slightest vibration of sound. Actina has never failed to cure ringing noises in the head. We have known people troubled with this distressing symptom for years to be completely cured in only three weeks' use of the Actina. As deafness and ringing noises are caused from catarrh, the hearing cannot be restored and noises stopped till the catarrh is cured, and as catarrh cannot exist under the use of Actina, no person need be deaf or have ringing noises in the head if they will use Actina properly. Actina also cures asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, and headache; all of which are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina is sent on trial postpaid. Write us about your case. We give advice free, and positive proof of cures. A valuable book—Professor Wilson's 100 page Dictionary of Disease, Free. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. V, 929 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo.